

CUPIDS REVENGE.

AS IT WAS OFTEN
Acted (with great aplause) by
the Children of the Revels.

Written by { FRAN: BEAUMONT,
and { Gentlemen.
IO: FLETCHER,

The third Edition.



LONDON,
Printed by A. M. 1635.

The Actors are these.

Cupid.

Leontius, the old Duke of Lycia.

Leucippus, Son to the Duke.

Ismenus, Nephew to the Duke.

Telamon, a Lycian Lord.

Doriaus,

Agenor, } Courtiers.

Nisus,

Timantus, a vallainous Sycophant.

The Priest of Cupid.

Four young men and Maydes.

Nilo, sent in Commission to pull downe Cupids Image.

Zoilus, *Leucippus* Dwarfe.

Four Cittizens.

Hidapse, Daughter to the Duke.

Cleophila and *Hero*, her Attendants.

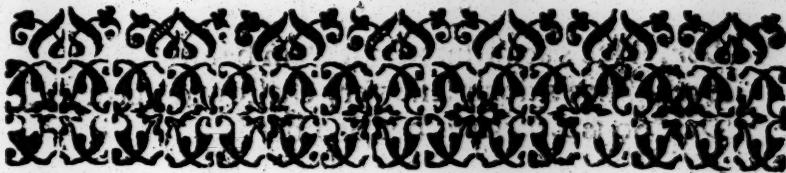
Bacha, a strumpet.

Vrania, her Daughter.

Bachae Mayd.

Vraniae Mayd.

Servants and Attendants.



C V P I D S R E V E N G E.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nismus.

Agenor.


Rust mee my Lord Dorialus, I had mist
of this if you had not cal'd mee; I thought
the Princesses Birth day had beene too
morrow.

Nismus. Why, did your Lordship scop
out the day?

Dor. I marvell what the Duke meant, to make such
an idle vow.

Ni. Idle, why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to sweare to grant his Daugh-
ter any thing shee shall aske on her Birth day? Shee may
aske an impossible thing: and I pray heaven shee doe
not aske an unfit thing at one time or other; 'tis dan-
gerous trusting a mans vow upon the discretion on's
Daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the Marquess her Brother,
who is always vehemently forward to have her desires
granted.

Cupids Revenge.

Dor. Hee's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. Shee's doublefesse very chaste and vertuous.

Dor. So is *Leucippus* her Brother.

Nis. Shee's twenty year old, I wonder
Shee aske not a Husband.

Dor. That were a folly in her, having refus'd all the
Great Princes in one part of the world;
Sheele dye a Mayd.

Age. Shee may aske but once, may shee?

Nis. All fured times this day if shee will;
And indeed, every day is such a day, for though
The *Duke* has vow'd it onely on this day,
Hee keepe's it every day: hee can deny
Her nothing.

Cornets.

Enter *Hidafes*, *Leucippus*, *Leontius*,
Timantus, *Tellamon*.

Leon. Come faire *Hidafes*, thou art
Butchesse too day:

Art thou prepar'd to aske? thou knowest
My oath will force performance.

And *Leucippus*, if shee now aske ought that shall,
Or would have performance

After my death, when by the help of heaven
This Land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my Son,
And so their owne Obedience.

Leon. Mighty Sir,
I doe not wish to know that farrall hourre,
That is to make me King, but if I doe,
I shall most hastily (and like a Son)
Performe your grants to all, chiefly to her:
Remember that you aske what wee
Agreed upon.

Leon.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speake.

Hida. Most Royall Sir, I am prepar'd;
Nor shall my will exceed a virgins bounds:
What I request shall both at once bring
Mee a full content.

Leon. So it ever does:
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make knowne thy good desire,
For I dare sweare thou lov'st me.

Hida. This is it I beg,
And on my Knees. The people of your Land,
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vaine and fruitleffe Superstition;
So much more hateful, that it beares the shew
Of true Religion, and is nothing else
But a selfe-pleasing bold lasciviousnesse.

Leon. What is it?

Hida. Many Ages before this,
When every man got to himselfe a Trade;
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life far worse than death:
Some one that gave himselfe to wine and flesch;
Which breed lascivious thoughts;
And found himselfe conjoyn'd
For that by every painfull man,
To take his staine away, fram'd to himselfe
A god, whom he pretended to obey;
In being thus dishonest, for a name
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created god,
Mans nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood,
Had ready followers know: and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your Subjects, who do yet remaine
Adorers of that drowsie Deity

Cupids Revenge.

Which drinke invented : and the winged Boy,
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.

These loose naked statues through the Land,
And in every Village, nay the Palace

Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erect obscene Images.

May be pluckt downe and burnt : and every man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

Leon. But be advis'd my fairest daughter, if hee be
A god, hee will expresse it upon thee my child :
Which Heaven avert.

Encip. There is no such Power :
But the opinion of him fils the Land
With lustfull sianes : every young man and maid,
That feele the least desire to one another,
Dare not supprese it, for they thinke it is
Blind Cupids motion : and he is a god.

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd :
Nephew *Ismenus*, breake the Statues downe
Here in the Palace, and command the Citie /
Doe the like, let Proclamations
Be drawne, and hastily sent through the Land
To the same purpose.

Ismen. Sir, I will breake downe none my selfe,
But I will deliver your command :
And I will have none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou ought else ? Make many thousand suits,
They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else. *Exit Ismenus.*

Leon. But goe and meditate on other suites,
Some sixe dayes hence Ile give thee audience againe,
And by a new oath bind my selfe to keepe it :
Aske largely for thy selfe, dearer then life,
In whom I may be bold to call my selfe,
More fortunate then any in my age,

I will

Cupids Revenge.

I will deny thee nothing.

Len. Twas well done Sister.

Exeunt all but these three Lords.

Nis. How like you this request my Lord?

Dor. I know not yet I am so full of wonder,
We shall be gods our selves shortly,
And we pull' em out of heaven o' this fashion.

Age. Wee shall have wenches now when we can
Catch' em, and we transgresse thus.

Nis. And we abuse the gods once, tis a Justice
Wee should be held at hard meate : for my part,
Ile e'ne make ready for mine owne affection.
I know the god incenſt, must send a hardneſſe
Through all good womens hearts, and then we have
Brought our eggs and muskadine to a faire Market :
Would I had giv'n an 100. pound for a toleration,
That I might but ſe my conſcience in mine
Owne house.

Dor. The *Duke* hee's old and past it, he would
Never have brought ſuch a plague upou the Land elſe,
Tis worse then Sword and Famine :
Yet to ſay truth, wee have deſerv'd it, we have liv'd
So wickedly, every man at his livery, and wou'd that
Wou'd have ſuffic'd us : we murmur'd at this
Blessing, that was nothing ; and cri'd out to the
God for endleſſe pleaſures; he heard us,
And ſupplyed us, and our women were new ſtill
As we need 'em : yet we like beaſts ſtill cri'd,
Poore men can number their woers, give us
Abundance : wee had it, and this curse withall.

Age. Berlady we are like to have a long Lent on't,
Fleſh ſhall be fleſh : now Gentlemen I had rather
Have angred all the gods, then that Blind Gunner.
I remember once the people did but fight him.
In a ſacrifice : and what followed ?
Women kept their houses, and grew good hufwives,

Honest

Cupids Revenge.

Honest forsooth, was not that fise.
Wore their owne faces,
Though they weare gay clothes without surveying :
And which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their Husbands.

Nis. I doe remember it to my griefe,
Young Maids were as cold as Cowcumbers,
And much of that complection :
Bawds were abolisht : and to which misery
It must come againe.
There were no Cuckolds,
Well, we had need pray to keepe these
Devils from us,
The times grow mischievous.
There he goes, Lord.

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of ;
Would I were gelt, that I might not
Feele what followes.

Age. And I too. You shall see within these
Few yeares a fine confusion i'the countrey, marke it :
Nay, and we grow for to despose the Powers,
And set up Chaftitie againe, well I have done.
A fine new Goddesse certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger, and hard beds.

Nis. This comes of fulnesse, a sin too frequent with us,
I beleive now we shall find shorter commons.

Dor. Would I were married, somewhat has some fa-
Therace of Gentry will quite run out now, (veur
'Tis onely left to Husbands : if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawfull.

Age. Well, let come what will come,
I am but one, and as the plague falls,
Ile shape my self : If women will be honest, Ile be found.

If

Cupids Revenge.

If the god be not too unmercifull,
Ile take a little still where I can get it,
And thanke him, and say nothing.

Nis. This ill win i yet may blow the City good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt: but howsoever,
the old way was the furer, then they had um.

Dor. Farewell my Lords, Ile e'ne take up what
Rent I can before the day, I feare the yeare will fall
out ill.

Age. Weele with you Sir: And Love so favour us,
As we are still thy servants. Come my Lords,
Lets to the *Duke*, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Priest of Cupid, with fourre yong
Agen and Mayds.*

Priest. Come my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet:
And your cheerfull voyces rise,
For to present this Sacrifice
To great *Cupid*, in whose name
I his *Priest* begin the same.
Yong men take your Loves and kis;
Thus our *Cupid* honor'd is.
Kisse againe, and in your kissing,
Let no promises be missing:
Nor let any Mayden here
Dare to turne away her eare
Vnto the whisper of her Love;
But give Bracelet, Ring, or Glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting.
Now boy sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great *Cupids* darts.

B

Song

Cupids Revenge.

Song.

Lovers rejoice, your paines shall be rewarded,
The god of Love himselfe grieves at your crying :
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a Maydes denying.
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
For men are false, and what they doe they care not :
All shall be well againe, then doe not grieve,
Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers rejoice, what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your Sweethearts in your armes,
It shall be accounted Oracle, and worth :
No more faint-hearted Girles shall dreame of harmes,
And cry they are too young : the god hath sayd,
Fifteene shall make a Mother of a Mayd :
Then wise men pull your Roses yet unblowne,
Love hateth the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

The Measure.

After the Measure Enter *Nilo*, and others.

Nilo. No more of this : here break your Rites for ever,
The Duke commands it so : Priest doe not stare,
I must deface your Temple, though unwilling,
And your god *Cupid* here must make a Scarcrow.
For any thing I know, or at the best,
Adorne a Chimney-piece.

Priest. O Sanctilege unheard of !

Nilo. This will not help it, take downe their Images
And away with um.

Priest change your coat you had best, all Service now
Is given to men : prayers above their hearing

Will

Cupids Revenge.

Will prove but bablings ; learne to lye, and thrive,
Twill prove your best profession : for the gods,
Hee that lives by am now, must bee a begger.
There's better holinesse on earth they say,
Pray God it aske not greater Sacrifice. Goe home,
And if your god be not deafe as well as blind,
Hee will make some smoke for it.

Gent. Sir —

Nilo. Gentlemen there is no talking,
This must be done, and speedily ;
I have Commission that I must not breake.

Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

Ni. On to the next Temple. Exennt.

Cornets. Descendit Cupid.

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd ? is ay all-doing will
And power, that knowes no limit, nor admits none,
Now look't into by lesse than gods ? and weakened
Am I, whose Bow struke terror through the earth,
No lesse than Thunder, and in this, exceeding
Even gods themselves ; whose knees before my Altars
Now shooke off ; and contemn'd by such, whose lives
Are but my recreation : anger rise,
My sufferance, and my selfe are made the Subject
Of sins against us. Goe thou out displeasure,
Displeasure of a great god, fly thy selfe
Through all this kingdom : sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these Rebels.
And on the first heart that despis'd my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupids Revenge is mighty, with his arrow,
Hotter than plagues or mine owne anger, will I
Now nobly right my selfe : nor shall the prayers
Nor sweet smokes on my Altars hold my hand,
Till I have left this a most wretched Land.

B 2

Exit.
Enter

Cupids Revenge.

Enter Hidaspe and Cleophila.

Hidas. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?

Cleo. What meanes your Grace now?

Hidas. I meane that han some man,
That something more than man I met at dore.

Cleo. Here was no han some man.

Hidas. Come, hee's some one
You would preserve in private, but you want
Cunning to doe it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was't?

Cleo. That went hence now?

Hida. That went hence now: I, hee.

Cle. Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks;
Zoylus your Brothers Dwarfe went out but now.

Hida. I thinke twas hee: how bravely hee past by!
Is hee not growne a goodly Gentleman?

Cleo. A goodly Gentleman Madam?
He is the most deformed fellow i'the Land.

Hida. O blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appeare deform'd, for he is indeed
Vnlike a man: his shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting, he is like
Nothing that we have seene, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed, he stirs himselfe,
And shakes day from his haire.

Cleo. He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

Hidas. Cleophila, goe send a Page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent. *Exit Cleo.*
Alas what doe I feele, my bloud rebels;
And I am one of these I us'd to scorne:
My Mayden-thoughts are fled against my selfe;
I harbour Traytors in my Virginity,

That

Cupids Revenge.

That from my child-hood kept me company,
Is heavier then I can endure to beare :
Forgive me *Cupid*, for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature ; I have sinn'd,
But be thou mercifull, and grant that yet *Enter Cleo.*
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love. and Zoy.

Cleo. Zoylus is here Madam.

Hida. Hee's there indeed.

Now be thine owne Judge ; see thou worse then mad,
Is he deformed ? looke upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Vnhappy that they cannot see themselves.
Looke on his haire, that like so many beames,
Streaking the East, shoot light ore halfe the world.
Looke on him altogether, who is made
As if two Natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought forth him.

Zoyl. Ha, ha, ha : Madam, though Nature
Hath not given me so much,
As others in my outward shew ;
I beare a heart as loyall unto you,
In this unsightly body which you please
(To make your mirth) as many others doe,
That are farre more defriended in their births :
Yet I could wish my selfe much more deformed
Then yet I am, so I might make your Grace
More merrie then you are, ha,ha,ha.

Hidas. Beshrew me then if I be merry ;
But I am content whilst thou art with me :
Thou that art my Saint,
By hope of whose mild favour I doe live
To tell thee so : I pray thee scorne me not ;
Alas : what can it adde unto thy worth,
To triumph over me, that am a Maid ?
Without deceit, whose heart doth guide her tongue,
Drownd in my passions ; yet I will take leave.

Cupids Revenge.

To call it reason, that I dote on thee.

Cle. The Princeffe is besides her grace I think,
To talke thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i'th darke when one is drunke.

Hida. What answer wilt thou give me?

Zoy. If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hida. If it be jest, not to esteeme my life,
Compar'd with thee: If it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kiffes in an houre
Vpon those lips, and take um cff againe:
It it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live:
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I fweare by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to doe,
And I beseech thee, by thine owne white hand,
(Which pardon me, that I am bold to kiffe
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt fweare
To marry me, as I doe here to thee,
Before the face of heaven.

Zoy. Marry you ! ha, ha, ha.

Hida. Kill me or grant : wilt thou not speake at all?

Zoy. Why I will doe your will for ever.

Hida. I aske no more : but let me kiffe that mouth
That is so mercifull, that is my will :
Next, goe with me before the King in haste,
That is my will, where I will make our Peeres
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Madam, what meanes your grace?
Consider for the love of heaven to what
You run madly ; will you take this Viper
Into your Bed?

Hida. Away, hold off thy hands :
Strike her sweet *Zoylus*, for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworne to doe.

Zoy. Away

Cupids Revenge.

Zoy. Away for shame.

Know you no manners : ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

Cleo. Thou knowst none I feare :

This is just *Cupids Anger*, *Venus* looke downe mildly
on us: And command thy Sonne to spare this Lady
once, and let mee be in love with all : and none in love
with mee.

Exit.

Enter *Ismenus*, and *Timantus*.

Tim. Is your Lordship for the wars this Summer?

Ism. Timantus wilt thou goe with me?

Tim. If I had a company my Lord.

Ism. Of Fidlers : Thou a company.

No, no, keepe thy company at home, and cause cuckolds,
The wars will hurt thy face, there's no Sempsters,
Shoomakers, nor Taylors, nor Almon milke i'ch morning,
Nor poacht egges to keepe your worship soluble,
No man to warme your shirt, and blow your Roses :
Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches :
If thou wilt needs goe, and goe thus,
Get a case for thy Captain-ship, a shower will spoyle thee
else. Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your Lordships wondrous witty, very pleasant,
believ't.

Exit.

Enter *Telamon*, *Dorialus*, *Agenor*, *Nisus*, *Leontius*.

Leon. No newes yet of my Son?

Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search :
No doubt they'll bring the truth where he is,
Or the occasion that led him hence.

Tim. They have good eyes then.

Leon. The gods goe with them :
Who be those that wayt there?

Tel. The Lord *Ismenus*, your Generall, for his dispatch.

Leon. O Nephew : Wee have no use to employ your
Vertue in our war : now the Province is well setled.
Heare you cought of the *Marquesse*?

Ism. No Sir.

Leon.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Tis strange he should be gone thus:
This five dayes he was not seene.

Tim. Ile hold my life, I could boulte him in an houre.

Leon. Where's my Daughter?

Dor. About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

Leon. Shee's chaste and vertuous; Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me. *Exit Nisus.*
Be it what it will: she is wise, *Dorinalus*,
And will not preesse me farther than a Father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow: yet if your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such, whose wisdomes ever wake
About your safety, I may say it Sir,
Under your noble pardon; that this change
Either hath been more honour to the gods,
Or I thinke not at all. Sir the Princesse.

Enter Hidafes, Nisus, and Zoylous.

Leon. O my Daughter, my health!
And did I say my soule, I ly'd not;
Thou art so neare me, speak, and have what ever
Thy wise will leads thee too: had I a heaven,
It were too poore a place for such a goodness.

Dor. What's here?

Age. An Apes skin stuff I think, tis so plump.

Hida. Sir, you have pass'd your Word,
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it.
W onder not I preesse you, my life lyes in your word,
If you breake that, you have broke my heart, I must aske
That's my shame, and your will must not deny me:
Now for heaven be not forsworne.

Leon. By the gods I will not,
I cannot, were there no other power,
Than my love call'd to a witnesse of it.

Dor. They have much reason to trust,
You have forsworne one of um out o'th countrey already.

Hida.

Cupids Revenge.

Hida. Then this is my request : This Gentleman ;
Be not ashamed, Sir :
You are worth a Kingdome.

Leon. In what ?

Hida. In the way of marriage.

Leon. How ?

Hida. In the way of marriage, it must be so,
Your oath is tyde to heaven : as my love to him.

Leon. I know thou dost but try my Age,
Come aske againe.

Hida. If I should aske all my life time, this is all still.
Sir, I am serious, I must have this worthy man without
enquiring why ; and suddenly, and freely :

Doe not looke for reason or obedience in my words : my
Love admits no wisedome :

Only haste, and hope hangs on my fury :
Speake Sir, speake, but not as a Father,
I am deafe and dull to counsell : inflamed bloud
Heares nothing but my will :
For Gods sake speake.

Dor. Here's a brave alteration.

Nis. This comes of Chastitie.

Hida. Will you not speake Sir ?

Agen. The god begins his vengeance ; what a sweet
youth he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly ?

Leon. O let me never speake,
Or with my words let me speake out my life ;
Thou power abus'd great Love, whose vengeance now
wee feele and feare, have mercie on this Land.

Nis. How does your Grace ?

Leon. Sicke, very sicke I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hida. Will you not speake ? is this your royll word ?
Doe not pull perjury upon your soule.
Sir, you are old, and neere your punishment ; remem-
ber.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Away base woman.

Hida. Then be no more my Father, but a plague,
I am bound to pray against : be any Sin
May force me to despair, and hang my selfe,
Be thy name never more remembred King,
But in example of a broken Faith,
And curst even to forgetfulness : (ter is ?
May thy Land bring forth such Monsters as thy Daugh-
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him, will you noble Sir ?

Leon. Mercie, mercie heaven :
Thou heire of all dishonour, shamest thou not to draw
this little moysture left for life, thus rudely from me ?
Carry that Slave to death.

Zoy. For heavens sake Sir, it is no fault of mine,
That shee will love mee.

Leon. To death with him, I say.

Hida. Then make haste Tyrant, or ile be for him ;
This is the way to Hell.

Leon. Hold fast, I charge you away with him.

Hida. Alas old man, Death hath more dores than one,
And I will meet him. Exit Hida.

Leon. Dorialus, Pray see her in her chamber,
And lay a guard about her :
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties,
Is will and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget as well as them to plague us
With our fond loves ; Beasts, you are only blest,
That have that happy dulnesse to forget
What you have made, your young ones grieve not you,
They wander where they list, and have their wayes.
Without dishonour to you ; and their ends
Fall on them without sorrow of their Parents,
Or after ill remembrance : Oh this Woman !
Would I had made my selfe a Sepulcher,
When I made her : Nephew where is the Prince ?

Pray

Cupids Revenge.

Pray God hee have not more part of her basenesse
Then of her bloud about him.

Gentlemen : where is hee ?

Ism. I knew not Sir.

He's his wayes by himselfe , is too wise for my company.

Leon. I doe not like this hiding of himselfe ,
From such societie as his person :
Some of it ye must needs know.

Ism. I am sure not I ; nor have knowne twice this ten
dayes , which if I were as proud as some of um , I should
take scurvily , but hee is a young man.

Let him have his swinge , 'twill make him.

Timantus whispers to the Duke.

There's some good matter now in hand ;
How the flay geeres and grins : the Duke is pleas'd ,
There's a new paire of Scarlet Hose now , and as much
Money to spare as will fetch the old from pawn , a Hat
and a Cloake to goe out too morrow :
Garters and stockings come by nature.

Leon. Be sure of this.

Tim. I durst not speake else Sir.

Exeunt.

Aetus secundus. Scæna prima.

Cornets. Descend. Cupid.

Cupid. Leucippus thou art shot through with a shaft
That will not rancle long , yet sharpe enough
To sow a world of helplessse misery —
In this unhappy kingdome doest thou thinke
Because thou art a Prince , to make a part
Aginst my Power , but it is all the fault
Of thy old Father , who believes his Age

Cupids Revenge.

Is cold enough to quench my burning Darts ;
But hee shall know ere long, that my dart loose,
Can thaw ice, and inflame the witherd heart
Of Nestor, thou thy selfe art lightly strucke :
But his mad love shall publish that the rage
Of Cupid, has the power to conquer Age.

Exit.

Enter Bacha, and Leucippus, Bacha, A handkercheffe.

Leu. Why, whats the matter ?

Bac. Have you got the spoyle (Leave
You thirsted for. O tyrannie of men ! *Leu.* I pray thee

Bac. Your envie is, heaven knowes,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble Sex :
What paine alas could it have beeene to you,
If I had kept mine honour ? you might still
Have beeene a Prince, and still this countreyes heire,
That innocent Guard, which I till now had kept
For my defence, my vertue, did it seeme
So dangerous in a flate, that your selfe came to suppres it.

Leu. Dry thine eyes againe, ile kisse thy teares away,
This is but folly, tis past all helpe.

Bac. Now you have won the treasure,
Tis my request that you would leave me thus :
And never see these empty walls againe,
I know you will doe so, and well you may :
For there is nothing in um that's worth
A glance ; I loath my selfe, and am become
Another woman ; One, me thinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.

Leu. If I doe offend thee, I can be gone,
And though I love thy sight, so highly doe I price thine
owne content, that I will leave thee.

Bac. Nay, you may stay now ;
You should have gone before : I know not now
Why I should feare you ; All I should have kept
Is stolne : Nor is it in the power of man

To

Cupids Revenge.

To rob me farther : if you can invent,
Spare not ; no naked man feares robbing lesse
Than I do : now you may for ever stay.

Len. Why, I could doe thee farther wrong.

Bac. You have a deeper reach in evill than I :
Tis past my thoughts.

Len. And past my will to act; but trust me I could do it.

Bac. Good Sir doe, that I may know there is a wrong
beyond what you have done mee.

Len. I could tell all the world what thou hast done.

Bac. Yes you may tell the world
And doe you thinke I am so vaine, to hope
You will not: you can tell the world but this,
That I am a widow, full of teares in shew,
My Husband dead : and one that lov'd me so.
Hardly a weeke, forgot my modesty,
And caught with youth and greatnessse,
Gave my selfe to live in sin with you :
This you may tell; and this I doe deserve.

Len. Why, dost thou think me so base to tell?
These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a wracke
Ere I disclose; But thou doest utter words
That much afflict me : you did seeme as ready
Sweet *Baccha* as my selfe.

Bac. You are right a man : when they have wchz
us into misery, poore innocent souls,
They lay the fault on us :
But be it so—For Prince *Leucippus* sake
I will beare any thing.

Leucip. Come, weep no more,
I wrought thee to it, it was my fault :
Nay, see if thou wilt leave. Here, take this pearle,
Kisse me sweet *Baccha*, and receive this purie.

Bac. What should I do with these? they will not deck
my mind.

Cupids Revenge.

Len. Why keepe um to remember me.
I must be gone, I have beeene absent long :
I know the Duke my Father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly againe.
Farewell my *Bacha*. *Bac.* Gods keepe you
Doe you heare Sir : pray give me a point to weare. (wilt.

Len. Alas good *Bacha*, take one I pray thee, where thou
Bac. Coming from you. This point is of as high
Esteeme with mee, as all pearle and gold : nothing but
good be ever with, or neere you.

Len. Fare thee well mine own good *Bacha* ;
I will make all haste. *Exit.*

Bac. Just as you are a dozen I esteeme you :
No more, does he thinke I would prostitute
My selfe for love: it was the love of these pearles
And gold that wan mee, I confess,.
I lust more after him than any other,
And would at any rate if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship : but being poore,
Ile both enjoy his body and his purse,
And he a Prince, nere think my selfe the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you must backe and shew us what it is,
That witches you out of your honour thus.

Bac. Whose that ? *Tim.* Looke there Sir.

Leon. Lady, never flye you are betrayd.

Bac. Leave me my teares a while,
And to my just rage give a little place :
What saucie man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a Widdowes mournfull house ?
You hinder a dead man from many teares.
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,
Though they shoulde weep themselvs to Images,
If not for love of mee, yet of your selfe
Away, for you can bring no comfort to me.
But you may carry hence, you know not what.

Nay

Cupids Revenge.

Nay sorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thy selfe
Art growne infectious : wouldest thou know my name ?
I am the Duke, father to this young man
Whom thou corruptst.

Bac. Has he then told him all.

Len. You doe her wrong Sir.

Bac. O he has not told. Sir I beseech you pardon
My wilde tongue, directed by a weake distempred head
Madded with griefe : Alas I did not know
You were my Soveraigne; but now you may
Command my poore unworthy life,
Which will be none I hope ere long.

Leon. All thy dissembling will never hide thy shame :
And wert not more respecting Woman-hood in
Generall; than any thing in thee, thou shouldest
Be made such an example, that posterity,
When they would speak most bitterly, should say
Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.

Bac. Sir, though you be my King, whom I will
Serve in all just causes : yet when wrongfully
You seeke to take mine Honour, I will rise
Thus, and defie you ; for it is a Iewell
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keepe,
(Though in this lowly house) I shall esteeme
My selfe above the Princes of the earth
That are without it. If the Prince your Son,
Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
Dishonour of me, if he doe not doe it,
The plagues of hell light on him, may he never
Governe this Kingdome : here I challenge him
Before the face of heaven, my Liege, and these,
To speake the worst he can : if he will lye
To lose a womans fame, ile say he is
Like you (I thinke I cannot call him worse.)
Hee's dead, that with his life would have defended

My

Cupids Revenge.

My reputation, and I forct to play
(That which I am) the foolish woman,
And use my liberal tongue.

Len. Is't possible! we men are children in our
Carriages, compar'd with women : wake thy selfe
For shame, and leave not her, whose honour thou
Shou'dst keepe safe as thine owne, alone to free her selfe :
But I am prest I know not how, with guilt,
And feele my conscience (never us'd to lye)
Loth to allow my tongue to adde a lye
To that too much I did : but it is lawfull
To defend her, that only for my Love, lov'd evil.

Leon. Tell me, why did you *Lucip.* stay here so long ?

Len. If I can urge ought from me but a truth,
Hell take mee.

Leon. What's the matter, why speake you not ?

Tima. Alas good Sir, forbear
To urge the Prince, you see his shamefastenesse.

Ba. What does hee say Sir ? if thou be a Prince
Shew it, and tell the truth.

Ismen. If you have layne with her tell your Father,
No doubt but he has done as ill before now :
The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

Ba. For Gods sake speake.

Len. Have you done prating yet ?

Ismen. Who prates ?

Len. Thou knowst I doe not speake to thee *Ismens* :
But what said you *Tima* : concerning my shamefastnesse ?

Timant. Nothing I hope that might displease your
Highnesse.

Len. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers
This thousand yeeres, had beene as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honester, I stayd
To heare what you wou'd say : she is by heaven
Of the most strict and blameleſſe chastity
That ever woman was: (good gods forgive me)

Had

Cupids Revenge.

Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kild
With a Slave by her ere she had agreed :
I lye with her ! would I might perish th. n.
Our Mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could nere exceed her for her chafftity,
Vpon my soule : for by this light, shee's
A most obstinate modest creature.

Leon. What did you with her then so long, *Leucippus?*

Len. Ile tell you sir : You see shee's beautifull.

Leon. I see it well.

Len. Mov'd by her face,
I came with lustfull thoughts,
Which was a fault in me :
But telling truth, something more pardonable,
(And for the world I will not lye to you)
Proud of my selfe, I thought a Princes name
Had power to blow um downe flat of their backes :
But here I found a Rocke not to be shooke :
For as I hope for good, sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatnesse, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. Tis very strange, being so young and faire!

Len. Shee's almost thirty sir.

Leon. How doe you know her Age so just?

Len. She told it me her selfe,
Once when she went about to shew by reason
I should leave wooing her.

Leon. She stains the ripest virgins of her age.

Len. If I had sinn'd with her, I would be loth
To publish her disgrace : but by my life
I would have told it you, because I thinke
You would have pardon'd me the rather :
And I will tell you father : By this light sir,
(But that I never will bestow my selfe
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.

Cupids Revenge.

Leen. How's that *Lencippus* !

Leu. Sir, will you pardon my one fault, which yet I have not done, but had a will to doe, and I will tell it ?

Leon. Bee't what it will I pardon thee.

Leen. I offered marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it ?

Leu. With that earnestnesse, and almost scorne To thinke of any other after her lost Mate, that she Made me thinke my selfe unworthy of her.

Leon. You have stayd too long *Lencippus*.

Leu. Yes sir, forgive me heaven, what multitude Of oaths have I bestow'd on lyes, and yet they were Officious lyes, there was no malice in um.

Leon. She is the fairest creature that ever I beheld : And then so chaste, tis wonderfull : the more I looke On her, the more I am amaz'd.

I have long thought of a wife, and one I would have Had, but that I was afraid to meet a woman That might abuse my Age : but here she is Whom I may trust too, of a chastity Impregnable, and approved so by my Son : The meanes of her birth will still preserve her In due obedience; and her beauty is Of force enough to pull me backe to youth. My Son once sent away, whole rivall-ship I have just cause to feare, if power, or gold, Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine. Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence, Your Province is unquiet still.

Ism. I'me glad on't.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the Prince in person with you.

Ism. I'me glad of that too : Sir will you dispatch us, we shall wither here for ever.

Leon. You shall be dispatcht within this houre, *Lencippus*, never wonder nor aske, it must be thus.

Lady

Cupids Revenge.

Lady, I aske your pardon, whose vertue I have
Slubberd with my tongue, and you shall ever be
Chaste in my memory hereafter :
But we old men often dote; to make amends for
My great fault, receive that Ring :
I'm sorry for your grieve, may it soon leave you.
Come my Lords lets be gone. Exeunt.

Bach. Heaven blesse your Grace.
One that had but so much modesty left, as to blush,
Or shrinke a little at his first encounter,
Had beeene undone : where I come off with honouer,
And gaine too : they that never wou'd be tracte
In any course, by the most subtle sense,
Must beare it through with frontlets impudence.

Exit.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisu.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of Iustice,
To put the wretched Dwarfe to death because
She doted on him; is she not a woman, and
Subject to those mad figaries her whole Sex
Is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you, or I,
Or all on's (as indeed the more the merrier still
With them) must we therefore have our heads par'd
With a Hatchet? So she may love all the Nobility
Out o'th Dukedom in a month, and let the raskals in.

Nis. You will sot, or you doe not see the need
That makes this iust to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would be loth to feele it :
But the best is, she loves not proper men, wee three
Were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

Ni. Why yes : Hee being taken away, this base in-
continence dyes presently, and she must see her shame and
sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she doe : but was the Sprat beheaded,
or did they swing him about like a chickin, and so breake
his necke.

Cupids Revenge.

Age. Yes, hee was beheaded, and a solemne justice made of it.

Dor. That might have beeene deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him dye?

Dor. Faith I would have had him rostet like a warden in a browne paper, and no more talke on't: or a feather stukke in's head; like a Quaile: or hanged him in a Dog-colier: what should hee be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base shortly, Gentlemen will be out of love with it.

Nis. I wonder from whence this of the Dwarfes first sprung?

Dor. From an old leacherous paire of breeches that lay upon a wench to keepe her warme: for certainly they are no mans worke: and I am sure a Monkey would get one of the guard to this fellow, hee was no bigger than a small Portmantu, and much about that making, if t'had legs.

Age. But Gentlemen, what say you to the Prince?

Ni. I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dor. Why then hee will come home. I know not when: you shall pardon me, Ile talke no more of this subject, but say, gods be with him where ere hee is, and send him well home againe: For why, hee is gone, or when he will returne, let them know that directed him: Onely this, there's mad Moriscoes in the state; but what they are, Ile tell you when I know. Come, lets goe, heare all, and say nothing.

Age. Content.

Exeunt.

Enter Timantus, and Telamon.

Tela. Timantus, is the Duke ready yet?

Tima. Almost.

Tela. What ayles him?

Tim. Faith I know not, I thinke he has dreamest hee's but eighteene: has beeene worse since hee sent you forth for the frizling-yron.

Tel.

Cupids Revenge.

Tela. That cannot be, hee lay in Gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new *Periwig* with a locke at it, and knockt up a swing in's chamber.

Tima. O but since his Taylor came, and they have faine out about the fashion on's cloathes; and yonders a fellow come has board a hole in's eare; and hee has bespake a Vaulting horse, you shall see him come forth presently: he lookes like Winter, stucke here and there with fresh flowers.

Tela. Will he not Tilt thinke you?

Tima. I thinke he will.

Tela. What does hee meane to doe?

Tima. I know not; but by this light, I thinke he is in love; he wou'd have been shav'd but for me.

Tela. In love with whom?

Tima. I could gueſſe, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him ſome whither.

Tela. I over-heard him aske your opinion of ſome bodies beauty.

Tima. Yes, there it goes that makes him ſo youthfull, and has layd by his Crutch, and halts now with a leading ſtaffe.

Enter *Leontinus* with a *Staffe* and a *Looking-glaſſe*.

Leon. *Timantus.* *Tima.* Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tima. Yes faith, tis ſuch a one as the rest of the young Gallants weare.

Leon. *Telamon,* does it doe well?

Tela. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rareliest —

Leon. Away, doeft thinke ſo?

Tela. Thinke ſir? I know it. Sir, the *Prineeffe* is paſt all hope of life ſince the *Dwarfe* was put to death.

Leon. Let her be ſo, I have other matters in hand: but this fame Taylor angers me, he has made my doublet ſo wide: and ſee the knave has put no points at my arme.

Cupids Revenge.

Tim. Those will be put too quickly, Sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. *Telamon*, have you bid this Dancer come a mornings? *Tela.* Yes Sir.

Leon. *Timantus*, let me see the glasse againe: looke you how carelesse you are growne, is this tooth well put in. *Tim.* Which Sir?

Leon. This Sir.

Tim. It shall be.

Tela. Mee thinkes that tooth should put him in mind on's yeares: and *Timantus* stands as if (seeing the *Duke* in such a youthfull habite) hee were looking in's mouth how old he were. *Leon.* So, so.

Tela. Will you have your Gowne sir?

Leon. My Gowne? why, am I sicke? bring mee my Sword. *Exit Tela.*

Leon. Let a couple of the great horses bee brought out for us.

Tim. Heele kill himselfe. Why, will you ride sir?

Leon. Ride I dōst thou think I cannot ride?

Tim. O yes sir, I know it: but as I conceive your journey, you wou'd have it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

Leon. These Coaches make me sicke: yet tis no matter, let it be so. *Enter Telamon with a Sword.*

Tela. Sir, here's your Sword.

Leon. O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinks— Why *Telamon*, bring mee another: what, thinkst thou I will weare a sword in vain?

Tela. He has not strength enough to draw it. A yoke of Fleas tyde to a hayre would have drawne it: Tis out sir now, the Scabbert is broke.

Leon. O put it upagaine, and on with it; me thinkes I am not drest till I feele my sword on. *Telamon*, if any of my councell aske for me, say I am gone to take the ayre.

Tim.

Cupids Revenge.

Tim. He has not beeene drest this twenty yeares then,
if this vaine hold but a weeke, he will learne to play o'th
Base violl and sing too't : Hee's Poeticall already ; For I
have spide a Sonnet on's making ly'e by's beds side, ile be
so unmannerly to reade it. Exit.

Enter Hidaspe, Cleophila and Hero; *Hidaspe in a Bed.*

Hida. Hee's dead, hee's dead, and I am following.

Cleo. Ask Cupid mercie Madam. *Hid.* O my heart !

Cleo. Help ! *Her.* Stir her. *Hid.* ô, ô.

Cleo. Shees going, wretched women that we are ;
Looke to her, and ile pray the while. *Shee kneeleth.*

Hero. Why Madam ?

Cleo. Cupid pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last ;
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy Deity adore :
Troaths at fifteene we will plight,
And will tread a dance at night
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have desire. (How does
shee yet ?

Hero. O ill.

Cleo. Given Eare-rings we will weare,
Bracelets of our Lovers haire,
Which they on our armes shall twist,
With their names carv'd on our wrist.
All the money that wee owe,
Wee in Tokens will bestow ;
And learne to write, that when tis sent,
Onely our Loves know what is meant :
O then pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last. (What, mends shee ?

He. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you should sing.

Cleo. Why. *Hero.* Leave, leave, tis now too late.
She is dead, her last is breathed.

Cleo. What shall wee doe. *Her.* Goe run,
And tell the Duke; and whilst ile close her eyes.

Thus

Cupids Revenge.

Thus I shut the faded light,
And put it in eternall night.
Where is she can boldly say,
Though shee be as fresh as May,
Shee shall not by this corps be laid,
Ere to morrowes light doe fade.
Let us all now living bee,
Warn'd by thy strict Chastitic,
And marry all fast as wee can,
Till then, we keep a piece of man,
Wrongfully from them that owe it,
Soone may every Mayd bestowe it.

Exeunt.

Enter Bacha, and a Mayd.

Bac. Who is it? *Maid.* Forsooth there is a gallant
Coach at the dore, & the brave old man in't, that you said
was the Duke. *Bac.* Cupid grant he may be taken.

Maid. He is comming up, and looks the swaggeringst,
and has suck glorious cloathes.

Bac. Let all the house see me sad, and see all hanfome.

Enter Leontius and Timantus, a Jewell and a Ring.

Leon. Nay widdow, fly not back, wee come not now
to chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.

Bac. To a poore widdows house, that knowes no end
of her ill fortune: your Highnesse is most welcome.

Leon. Come kisse me then; this is but manners widow:
Nere fling your head aside, I have more cause of grieve
than you: my daughters dead: but what? Tis nothing
Is the rough French horse brought to the dore?
They say hee is a high goer, I shall soone try his mettall.

Tim. Hee will bee Sir, and the gray Barbary, they are
fiery both.

Leont. They are the better: Before the Gods I am
lightsome, very lightsome: How doest thou like mee
Widdow?

Bacha.

Cupids Revenge.

Bac. As a person in whom all graces are.

Leon. Come, come, yee flatter; ile clap your cheeke
for that, and you shall not be angry.

Hast no *Musick*: Now could I cut three times
with ease, and doe a croſſe point, ſhould shame all your
gallants:

Bac. I doe believe you, and your ſelfe too:

Lord what a fine old *Zany* my love has made him?
He's mine, I am ſure: Heaven make me thankfull for
him.

Leon. Tell mee how old thou art my pretty ſweete
heart?

Timantus. Your Grace will not buy her, ſhee may
trip Sir.

Bac. My ſorrow ſhowes mee Elder than I am by
many yeares.

Leon. Thou art ſo witty, I muſt kiffe agen.

Tim. Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: ne're
looke it there Sir, ſhee has a better Register if it be not
burnt.

Leon. I will kiffe thee: I am a fire *Timantus*.

Tim. Can you chuse Sir, having ſuch heavenly fire
before you?

Leon. Widow, gueſſe why I come, I prethee doe.

Bac. I cannot Sir, unleſſe you be pleas'd to make a
mirth out of my rudenesſe: and that I hope your pitty
will not let ye, the ſubject is ſo barren: Bite King, Bite,
ile let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I am an honest man, ile tell thee truly;
How many Foot did I jump yesterdaу *Timantus*?

Tim. Fourteene of your own, and ſome three fingers.

Bacha. This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in
cut Taffata. Alas good Almanack get thee to bed, and tell
what weather we ſhall have to morrow.

Leon. Widow I am come, in ſhort, to be a Sutor.

Bacha. For whom?

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to woe thee wench,
And win thee for my selfe : Nay, looke upon me :
I have about me that will doe it.

Bac. Now heaven defend me, your Whore you shall
never ; I thanke the Gods, I have a little left me to keep
mee warme, and honest : if your grace take not that, I
seeke no more. (unto thee.

Leon. I am so farre from taking any thirg, ile adde

Bac. Such Additions may be for your ease Sir,
Not my honesty : I am well in being single, good sir, seek
another, I am no meate for money.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee ?

This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claime
But to a Finger of thee, but to a looke, I would
See such a fellow.

Bac. It would be but a cold sight to you :
This is the father of S. George a foot-backe,
Can such dry Mumming talke.

Tima. Before the gods, your grace looks like *Aeneas*.

Bac. He looks like his old father upon his backe,
Crying to get Aboard.

Leon. How shall I win thy love, I pray thee tell me ?
Ile marry thee if thou desirest that : That is an honest
course, I am in good earnest, and presently within this
houre, I am mad for thee : prethee deny mee not, for
as I live, ile pine for thee, but ile have thee.

Bac. Now hee's in the toyle, ile hold him fast.

Tima. You doe not know what tis to bee a Queene ;
goe too you Mayd, what the old man fals short of,
there's others can eech out, when you please to call
on um.

Bacha. I understand you not, Love I adore thee. Sir,
on my knees I give you hearty thanks, for so much ho-
nouring your humble Hand-mayd above her birth : Far
more her weake deservings, I dare not trust the envious
tongues of all that must repine at my unworthy rising.

Beside,

Cupids Revenge.

Beside, you have many faire ones in your kingdome born
to such worth: O turne your selfe about, and make a
Noble choyse.

Leon. If I doe, let me famish: I will have thee
Or breake up house, and boord here.

Bac. Sir, you may command an unwilling woman to
obey ye; but heaven knowes—

Leon. No more: these halfe a dozen kisses, and this
jewell, and every thing I have, and away with mee, and
clap it up; and have a boy by morning *Timantus*. Let
one bee sent post for my Son againe; and for *Ismaelius*,
they are scarle twenty miles on their way yet, by that
time weeble be married.

Tim. There shall Sir:

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Nis. Is not this a fine marriage?

Age. Yes, yes, let it alone.

Dor. I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talke
of other matters.

Nis. Is the Prince comming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes, hee was sent post for yesterday, let's
make haste, weeble see how his new Mother-in-law will
entertaine him.

Ni. Why well I warrant you: did you not marke
how humbly shee carried her selfe to us on her marriage
day, acknowledging her owne unworthiness, and
that shee would be our servant.

Cupids Revenge.

Dor. But marke what's done.

Nis. Regard not shew.

Age. O God ! I knew her when I have beene offered her to be brought to my bed for five pound : whether it could have beene performed or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughter's a pretty Lady.

Dor. Yes , and having had but meane bringing up ; it talkes the pretilest and innocentliest, the Queene will be so angry to heare her betray her breeding by her lan-
guage : but I am perswaded shce's well dispos'd.

Age. I thinke better than her mother.

Ni. Come, we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Enter Leneippus, and Ismenus.

Ism. How now man, strucke dead with a tale ?

Leu. No, but with a truth.

Ism. Stand of your selfe : can you endure blowes, and
shrinke at words ?

Leu. Thou knowst I have told thee all.

Ism. But that all's nothing to make you thus : your
Sisters dead.

Leu. That's much, but not the most.

Ism. Why, for the other let her marry and hang, tis
no purpos'd fault of yours : and if your Father will needs
have your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a child
better in being contented, and bidding much good doe
his good old heart with her , than in repining thus at it :
let her goe : what, there are more wenches man, weeke
have another.

Leu. Otheu art vain, thou knowst I do not love her:
What sha'll I doe ? I would my tongue had led me
To any other thing, but blasphemy,
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence now, shce is my Mother;
My sin *Ismenus* has wrought all this ill :

And

Cupids Revenge.

And I beseech thee, to bee warn'd by mee,
And doe not lye : if any man should aske thee
But *How thou doest?* or *What a clocke tis now?*
Be sure thou doe not lye, make no excuse
For him that is most neere thee : never let
The most officious falsehood scape thy tongue :
For they above (that are intirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sowne
Of lyes, yeeld miseries a thousand fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your Highnesse is welcome home, the King
and Queene will presently come forth to you.

Leu. Ile wayt on them.

Tim. Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you, how have you
sped in your wars?

Ism. This rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, pray how
have you sped here at home at shovell-board?

Tim. Faith reasonable. How many Townes have
you taken in this Summer?

Ism. How many Staggs have you beene at the death
of this grasse?

Tim. A number. Pray how is the Province settled?

Ism. Prethee how does the Dunne Nag?

Tim. I thinke you mocke me, my Lord.

Ism. Mocke thee? Yes by my troth do I: why, what
wouldst thou have me doe with thee? Art good for any
thing else?

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor,
Nisus, Telamon.*

Leu. My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the wrist :
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall noone againe else— *Kneels.*

Leor. Welcome my sonne; rise, I did sea... for thee.

Cupids Revenge.

Backe from the Province, by thy Mothers counsell,
Thy good Mother here, who loves thee well :
Shee would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my Enemies : I thanke thee for her,
And none but thee, I tooke her on thy word.

Leucip. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome : I have now
Some neere affaires, but I will drinke a health
To thee anon : Come *Telamon*, i'me growne
Lustier, I thanke thee for't, since I married ;
Why *Telamon*, I can stand now alone,
And never stagger. *Exit Leontins, Telamon.*

Bac. Welcome most noble Sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you : out alas you scorne me,
And teach me what to doe.

Leu. No, you are my Mother.

Bac. Far unworthy of that name God knowes ;
But trust me, here before these Lords,
I am no more but Nurse unto the *Duke* ;
Nor will I breed a faction in the State,
It is too much for me, that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remaine the servant
Of you that did it.

Leu. Madam I will serve you
As shall become me. O dissembling woman !
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy
Quiver, sure-aymd *Apollo*, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beastes,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it.

Bacch. Shall I beg my Lords
This roome is private for the *Prince* and me ?

Exeunt all but Len. and Bac.

Leu. What will she say now ?

Bac. I must still enjoy him :
Yet there is still left in me a sparke of woman,

That

Cupids Revenge.

That wishes he would move it, but he stands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.
Sir, you and I when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting, by our selves.

Len. Madam, tis true, heaven pardon it.

Bac. Amen Sirs

You may thinke that I have done you wrong in this
strange marriage. *Len.* Tis past now.

Bac. But it was no fault of mine :
The world had cald me mad, had I refus'd
The King : nor layd I any traime to catch him :
It was your owne oathes that did it.

Len. Tis a truth : that takes my sleepe away; but
Would to heaven, if it had so beene pleas'd, you had
Refus'd him, though I had gratifid that courtesie
With having you my selfe : But since tis thus,
I doe beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous Age,
Which you may easily doe. As for my selfe
What I can say, you know alas too well
Is tyde within me, here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other, it will plucke me
Backe from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whispered with mee
Of some friends death, but I will beare my selfe
To you, with all the due obedience
A Son owes to a Mother : more than this
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest to the
Just gods : who in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sinne, will mercifully find
As unexpected meanes to ease my griefe,
As they did now to bring it.

Bac. Grown so godly : this must not be. (onight
And I will bee to you, no other than a naturall Mother
And.

Cupids Revenge.

And for my honestie, so you will sweare
Never to urge me, I shall keepe it safe from any other.

Len. Bleffe mee, I should urge you?

Bac. Nay but sweare then, that I may be at peace:
For I doe feele a weaknesse in my selfe,
That can denie you nothing; if you tempt me,
I shall embrase sin as it were a friend, and run to meet it.

Len. If you knew how farre
It were from mee, you would not urge an oath:
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you —

Bac. Sweare not: I cannot move him: this sad talke
Of things past helpe, does not become us well.
Shall I send one for my Musicians, and weeke dance?

Len. Dance Madame? *Bac.* Yes, a Lavalta.

Len. I cannot dance Madam. *Bac.* Then lets be merry.

Len. I am as my Fortunes bidd mee.
Doe not you see mee sowre? *Bac.* Yes.
And why thinke you I smile?

Len. I am so far from any joy my selfe,
I cannot fancie a cause of mirth.

Bac. Ile tell you, we are alone. *Len.* Alone?

Bac. Yes. *Len.* Tis true: what then?

Bac. What then? you make my smiling now
Break into laughter: what think you is to be done then?

Len. We should pray to Heaven for mercy.

Bac. Pray? that were a way indeed
To passe the time: but I will make you blush,
To see a bashfull woman teach a man
What wee should doe alone: try againe
If you can find it out.

Len. I dare not thinke, I understand you.

Bac. I must teach you then; Come, kisse me.

Len. Kisse you? *Bac.* Yes, be not ashamed:
You did it not your selfe, I will forgive you.

Len. Keepe you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to beare unto this wicked woman,

Cupids Revenge.

As she is now my Mother, haste within me,
Lest I adde sins to sins, till no repentance will cure me:

Bac. Leave these melancholly moodes,
That I may sweare thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times.

Len. Pray leave this wicked talke,
You do not know to what my Fathers wrong
May urge mee.

Bac. I'me carelesse, and doe weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy Love, mistake me not:
Thy Love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlocke is within it selfe; what say you?

Len. Nothing. *Bac.* Pitty me, behold a Dutchesse
Kneeles for thy mercie, and I sweare to you,
Though I should lye with you, it is so Lust,
For it desires no change, I could with you
Content my selfe: what answer will you give?

Len. They that can answer, must be lesse amaz'd
Than I am now: you see my teares deliver
My meaning to you.

Bac. Shall I be contemn'd? thou art a beast, worse than a
savage beast, to let a Lady kneele, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.

Len. Tis your will heaven: but let me beare me like
my selfe, how ever she does.

Bac. Were you made an *Eunuch* since you went hence?
Yet they have more desire than I can find in you:
How fond was I to beg thy love? ile force thee to my
Dost thou not know that I can make the King (will.
Dote as my list? yield quickly, or by heaven,
Ile have thee kept in prison for my purpose,
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee fed
With such meates as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health: why dost not speake to mee?
And when thou dost displease me, and art growne

Cupids Revenge.

Lessie able to performe : then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten : Are you striken dumb ?

Less. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that :
Say what you will, ile heare you as becomes me,
If you speake, I will not follow your counsell,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honour
That is due from me to my Fathers wife.

Bac. Lord how full of wise formality are you grown
Of late : but you were telling me
You could have wisht that I had marry'd you,
If you will sweare so yet, ile make away the King.

Less. You are a strumpet.

Bac. Nay I care not
For all your Raylings : They will batter walls,
And take in Townes, as soone as trouble me; (matter.
Tell him, I care not, I shall undoe you onely, which is no

Less. I appeale to you still, and for ever, that are
And cannot be other, Madam, I see tis in your power
To work your will on him : and I desire you
To lay what traines you will for my wished death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace ; Alas he never did you wrong:
And further I beseech you pardon me,
For the ill word I gave you, for how ever
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so, but passion urges me (ever.
I know not whither, my heart breake now, and easie mee

Bac. Pray you get you hence
With your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamly.

Less. Trust me, so am I of my selfe too :
Madam, ile take my leave, ; gods set all right.

Bac. Amen, Sir get you gone ;
Am I deny'd ? it does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd :

I have

Cupids Revenge.

I have lost my patience : I will make him know
Lust is not love, for Lust will find a Mare
While there are men, and so will I : and more.

Enter *Timantus*.

Then one or twenty : yonder is *Timantus*,
A fellow voyd of any worth, to raise himselfe,
And therefore like to catch at any evill
That wil but plucke him up, him will I make
Mine owne : *Timantus*. *Timan*. Madam ?

Bac. Thou knowest well
Thou wert by chance, a meanes of this my raising :
Brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance
I must reward thee.

Tim. I shall bend my service unto your Highnesse.
Bac. But doe it then intirely, and in every thing ;
And tell me, couldst thou now thinke that thing
Thou couldst not doe for me ?

Tim. Noby my soule Madam.
Bac. Then thou art right.

Goe to my Lodging, and ile follow thee.

Exit *Timantus*.

With my instruction I doe see already,
This Prince, that did but now contemne me, dead:
Yet will I never speake an evill word
Vnto his Father of him, till I have won
A beliefe I love him, but ile make
His vertues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his brest,
Which once perform'd, ile make *Vrania*
My Daughter, the Kings heire, and plant my Issue
In this large Throne : Nor shall it be withstood,
They that begin in lust must end in bloud.

Exe.

Enter *Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus*.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, Gentlemen.

Ni. And a fine Duke, that through his doting Age

Cupids Revenge.

Suffers him to be a child againe
Vnder his wifes tuition.

Age. All the Land holds in that tenor too, in womans
service : sure we shall learne to Spin.

Dor. No, that's too honest : we shall have other
Liberall Sciences taught us too soone ;
Lying, and Flattering, thole are the studies now ;
And Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gentle-
men, if we live here, we must be Knaves believe it.

Ni. I cannot tell my Lord *Dorialus*, though my
Owne nature hate it, if all determine to be Knaves,
Ile try what I can doe upon my selfe, that's certaine ;
I will not have my throat cut for my goodnesse,
The vertue will not quit the paine.

Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the *Prince* now ripe and full experienc't
Not made a dore in the State?

Ni. Because he is honest. *Enter Timanthe.*

Tim. Goodnesse attend your Honours.

Dor. You must not be amongst us then.

Ti. The Dutcheffe, whose humble servant I am prov'd
to be, would speake with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wayt : when is it ?

Tim. An houre hence my good Lords, and so I leave
my service. *Exit.*

Dor. This is one of her Ferrets that shee bolts bu-
siness out withall : this fellow, if hee were well ript,
has all the linings of a Knaves within him : how fleye hee
lookes ?

Ni. Have we nothing about our cloathes that he may
catch at ?

Agen. O my conscience, there's no treason in my
dublet, if there bee, my elboes will discover it, they are
out.

Dor. Faith, and all the harme that I can find in
mine, is, that they are not payd for, let him make what
he

Cupids Revenge.

he can of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's goe.
Exennt.

Enter Bacchus, Leontius, Telamon.

Bac. And you shal find sir what a blessing heaven gave you in such a Son.

Leon. Pray gods I may. Lets walk & change our subject.

Bac. O sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper joy into your heart, than your Sons vertue?

Leon. I allow his vertues: but tis not hansomē thus to feed my selfe with such moderate praises of mine own.

Bac. The subject of our commendations is it selfe growne so infinite in goodnesse, that all the glory wee can lay upon it, though wee shoulē open volumes of his prayses, is a meere modefty in his expression, and shewes him lame still, like an ill wrought piece wanting proportion.

Leon. Yet still he is a man, and subject still to more inordinate vices, than our love can give him blessing.

Bac. Else he were a god: yet so nere as he is, he comes to heaven, that wee may see so farre as flesh can point us things onely worthy of them, and onely these in all his actions. *Leon.* This is too much my Queene.

Bac. Had the gods lov'd mee, that my unworthy wombe had bred this brave man!

Leon. Still you run wrong.

Bac. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him, fed on his growing hopes. *Leon.* This touches me.

Bac. I know no friends, nor being, but his vertues.

Leon. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

Bac. But words cannot expresse him sir: why, what a shape heaven has conceiv'd him in; oh Nature made him up! *Leon.* I wonder Dutcheffe.

Bac. So you must: for lesse than admiration loses this god-like man. *Leon.* Have you done with him?

Bac. Done with him? O good gods, what frailties thus passe by us without reverence?

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bac. O deere sir : you are a father, and those joyes
To you, speake in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than physick.

Bac. Then for all his wisedome, valour,
Good Fortune, and all those Friends of honour ;
They are in him as free and naturall, as passions
In a Woman.

Leon. You make me blush for all these yeares,
To see how blindly you have flung your prayses
Upon a Boy, a very child, and worthlesse,
Whilst I live, of these Honours.

Bac. I would not have my love sir make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman : as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason
Or generall allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people, what allow they ?

Bac. All, I have sed for truth, and they must doe it,
And dote upon him; love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that ?

Bac. For in this youth and noble forwardnesse
All things are bound together that are kingly,
A fitnesse to beare rule. *Leon.* No more.

Bac. And Soveraignty not made to know command.

Leon. I have sed : no more.

Bac. I have done sir, though unwilling, and pardon me.

Leon. I doc, not a word more.

Bac. I have gin thee poysen
Of more infection than the Dragons tooth,
Or the grosse Ayre ore heated. *Enter Timantus.*

Leon. *Timantus* when saw you the Prince ?

Tim. I left him now sir.

Leon. Tell me truly, out of your free opinion without
courting, how you like him ?

Tim. How I like him ?

Leon. Yes ; for you in conversation may see more
than

Cupids Revenge.

than a Father. *Bac.* It workes.

Tim. Your Grace has chose out an ill observer.

Leon. Yes, I meane of his ill: you talke rightly.

Tim. But you take me wrong: All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: He is the store-house
And head of vertue, your great selfe excepted,
That feedes the Kingdome.

Leon. These are flatteries; speake me his vices,
There you doe a service worth a Fathers thanks.

Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure they are
The tyme which I could wish lesse dangerous.
But pardon me, I am too bold.

(gers are.

Leon. You are not, forward and open what these dan-

Tim. Nay, good sir. *Leon.* Nay, fall not off againe,
I will have all.

Tim. Alas sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or eares so subtle to observe
Faults in a State, all my maine busynesse
Is service to your Grace, and necessaries
For my poore life.

Leon. Doe not displease me Sirrah,
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Tim. Since your Grace will have it,
Ile speake it freely, alwayes my obedience
And love, preserv'd unto the Prince.

Leon. Prethee to the matter.

Tim. For, sir, if you consider
How like a Son in all his great employments,
How full of heat.

Leon. Make me understand what I desire.

Tim. And then at his returne.

Leon. Doe not anger me.

Tim. Then thus sir: all mislike ye,
As they would doe the gods if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages

Leades

Cupids Revenge.

Leades 'um, without Allegiance or Religion.
For heavens sake have a care c f your owne person :
I cannot tell, their wickednesse may leade
Farther than I dare thinke yet. *Leon.* O base people.

Tim. Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may
Perswade 'um, and no doubt will, vertue is ever watchfull;
But be you still secur'd and comforted.

Leon. Heaven, how have I offended, that this red
So heavie and unnaturall, should fall upon me
When I am old and helplessse !

Tim. Brave Gentleman, that such a madding love
Should follow thee, to rob thee of a Father :
All the Court is full of dangerous whispers.

Leon. I perceive it, and spight of all their strengths
Will make my safety : Ile cut him shorter;
Ile cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

Bac. What a foule Age is this, when vertue is made
a sword to smite the vertuous ? Alas, alas !

Leon. Ile teach him to flye lower. . .

Tim. By no meanes sir, rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him : for tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,
As I must neere believe, run with their rages,
He never was so innocent: but what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are neere your person,
I cannot yet find out : I know my duty
Has ever beene attending.

Leon. Tis too plaine : He meanes to play the villain,
Ile prevent him, not a word more of this, be private.

Exit Leontius.

Tim. Madam tis done. *Bac.* He cannot escape me.
Have you spoken with the Noblemen ? *Tim.* Yes Ma-
dam they are here : I wait a further service. *Bac.* Till
you see the Prince, you need no more instructions.

Tim. No, I have it.

Exit Timantus.

Enter

Cupids Revenge.

Enter *Doridalus, Agenor, Nissus.*

Bac. That foole that willingly provokes a woman,
Has made himselfe another evill Angell,
And a new Hell, to whiche all other torments
Are but meere pastime; now my noble Lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannery
We have broke your private businesse.

Age. Your good grace may command us, and that—

Bac. Faith my Lord *Agehor*, tis so good a cause
I am confident, you cannot lose by it.

Dor. Which way does she fish now?
The devill is but a foole to a right woman.

Nis. Madam, wee must needs win in doing service to
such a gracious Lady.

Bac. I thank you, and will let you know the busines
So I may have your helps, never be doubtfull;
For tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seeme so honourable,
That I assure my selfe, your willing hearts
Will strait be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what wer't like?

Dor. Thunder in *Ianuary*, or a good woman,
That's stranger than all the Monsters in *Affricke.*

Bac. It shall not need your wonder, this it is:
The Duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, then all those troubles,
Care, and continuall watchings, that attend
A Kingdome's safety; therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing Estate
As this hath beene, and to put off
The murmur of the people that increase
Against my government, which the Gods knowes
I onely feele the trouble of; I present
The Prince unto your loves, a Gentleman
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man, let your prayers

G

Win

Cupids Revenge.

Win from the Duke halfe his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, though it be from a Father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.
Tis not my owne desire, but all the Lands,
I know the weakenesse of it.

Nis. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: weele to the King;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
Weele win him with the cunningst words we can.

Dor. I was never couenid in a woman before.
For commonly they are like Apples: if once they bruise
They will grow rotten therow, and serve for nothing.
But to allwage swellings.

Bas. Good Lords delay no time, since tis your good
Pleasures to thinke my counsell good; and by no meanes
Let the Prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his Father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried,
So that his forward will appeare not in it,
Goe, and be happy.

Dor. Well, I would not be Chronicled as thou
Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Nis. Madam, we kisse your hand, and so inspire.
Nothing but happinesse can crowne our prayers. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Lencippus, Ismene.

Len. Thus she has us'd me, is't not a good mother?

Ism. Why killed you her not? *Len.* The gods for-
bid it. *Ism.* S'light, if all the women in the world were
barren, thee had dy'd.

Len. But tis not reason directs thee thus.

Ism. Then have I none at all, for all I have in me

Directs

Cupids Revenge.

Directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage. *Len.* Why?
Ism. Nay, tis well, if he know himselfe, but some of the Nobility have delivered a petition to him: what's in't, I know not, but it has put him to his trumps: he has taken a monthes time to answer it, and chafes like himselfe.

Enter Leontine, Bacchus, and Telemont.

Len. Hee's here *Ismenus*.

Leon. Set me down *Telemont*. *Leontine*. *Len.* Sir.

Bac. Nay, good sir be at peace, I dare sweare he knew not of it. *Leon.* You are foolish: peace.

Bac. All will goe ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me he cannot prove it by you. *Len.* What?

Bac. Youle make all worse too with your facing it.

Len. What is the snatter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?

Looke on it well: wouldst thou be joy'd with me
(Vnnaturall child to be weary of me)

Eric Fate esteeme me fit for other worlds. *Bac.* May be he knowes not of it. *Len.* O strange carriages!

Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing

To reward doing well, my usages

Which have beeene (but tis no matter what)

Have put me so far from the thought of Greatnesse,

That I should welcome it like a disease

That grew upon me, that I could not cure.

They are my enemies that gave you this,

And yet they call me friend, and are themselves

I feare abus'd. I am weary of my life,

For gods sake take it from me: it creates

More mischiefe in the state than it is worth.

The usagē I have had, I know would make

Wisdom her selfe run frantick through the streets,

And Patience quarrell with her shadow.

Sir, this sword —

Bac. Alas! helpe for the love of heaven,
Make way through me first, for he is your Father.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. What would he kill me ? *Bac.* No sir, no.

Leon. Thou alwaies mak'st the best on't : but I feare—

Len. Why doe you use me thus ? who is't can thinke
That I would kill my Father, that can yet
Forbeare to kill you ? Here sir is my word,
I dare not touch it, till she say againe
I would have kill'd you : let me not have mercie
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant. Let these faults
Be mended Madam : if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.

Bac. I told the Duke as much before.

Len. What ? what did you tell him ?

Bac. That it was onely an ambition

Nurst in you by your youth, provok't you thus,
Which age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then : come hither Love.

Bac. No indeed Sir.

Len. How am I made, that I can beare all this ?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine neere this,
My hand had carried death about it.

Leon. Leade me hence *Telamon* : come my deare
Bacch., I shall find time for this.

Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speake before
The King : but you know well, if not, ile tell you,
You are the most wicked, and most inuderous
Strumpet that ever was call'd weman.

Bac. My Lord, what I can doe for him, he shall com-
mand me. *Leon.* I know thou art too kind, away I say.

Exit Leon. Bac. Tima. Tela.

Hum. Sir, I am sure we dreame, this cannot be.

Len. O that we did, my wickednesse has brought
All this to passe, else I should beare my selfe.

Enter Vrania.

V. Look, do you see who's there ? your vertuous Mo-
thers issug : kill her, yet take some little pidling revenge.

Len.

Cupids Revenge

Len. Away, the wholt Court calls her vertuous; for they say she is unlike her mother, and if so, she can have no vice.

Ism. I trust none of you that come of such a breed.

Len. But I have found her to be a better bird of her brest. A kind of love in her countee; alas poor boy and blisstree. Think of her death! I dare be sworne for her, She is as free from any hate to me As her bad Mothers full. She was brought up in the Country, as her tongue will let you know. If you but talke with her, with a poore Uncle, Such as her Mother had.

Enter *Volumnia*.

Ism. Shee's come againe.

Vra. I would feine speake to the good *Marcippe* my Brother, if I but thought he could abaid me.

Len. Sister, how doe you?

Vra. Very well I thanke you.

Ism. How does your good Mother?

Len. Eye, eye, *Ismenus* for shame, mocke such an innocent soule as this.

Vra. Feth a she be no good, God may her fo.

Len. I know you wish it with your heart deare Sister, but she is good I hope.

Ism. Are you so simple, to make so much of this, Doe you not know

That all her wicked Mother labour for, is but to raise Her to your right, and leave her this Dukedom.

Vra. I, but nere sir be afred; For though she take th'ungaint weyes she can, He nere hat fro you. *Len.* I should hate my self *Ismenus* If I should thinke of her simplicity, Ought but extremely well. *Ism.* Nay as you will.

Vra. And though she be my Mother, If she take any caurse to doe you wrang, If I can see't, you'st quickly heare on't sir: And so I take my leave.

Cupids Revenge.

Len. Farewell good Sister, I thank you. *Exit Katherina.*

Ism. You believe all this: *Len.* Yes.

Enter Timantra.

Ism. A good faith doth well, but me thinks
It were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her:
Yonder's one you may trust, if you will, too.

Len. So I will if he can shew me as apparent signes
Of truth as shee did; Does he weepe *Ismenus*?

Ism. Yes, I think so: some good's happen'd I warrant:
doe you heare, you? what honest man has scap'd misery,
that thou art crying thus?

Tim. Noble *Ismenus*, where's the Prince?

Ism. Why there; hast wept thine eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you heare me.

Len. Well, speake on.

Ism. Why, will you heare him?

Len. Yes *Ismenus*, why?

Ism. I would heare blasphemy as willingly.

Len. You are to blame.

Tim. No sir: He is not to blame:
If I were as I was...

Ism. Nor as thou art, y'faith a whit to blame.

Len. What's your busynesse?

Tim. Faith sir, I am ashamed to speake before you,
My conscience tels me I have injured you,
And by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the King
Alwayes the best and friendliest offices;
Which pardon me, or I will never speake.

Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a knave.

Len. I pardon thee. *Ts.* Your mother sure is naught.

Len. Why shouldest thou thinke so?

Tim. O noble sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to; shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can thinke on,
Showre downe upon her wicked head; she has plotted,

I know

Cupids Revenge.

I know too well your death: would my poore life,
Or thousands such as mine is, might be offered
Like sacrifices up for your preseruing.
What free oblations would shee have spylt her,
But shee is mercilesse and bent to ruine:
If heaven and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely: O this Duke of marrage!
I weep, I weep for the poore Orphanes i'th Countrey
Left with but friends, not parents.

Lem. Now Ifmew, whar thinke you of this fellow?
This was a lying knave, a flatterer,
Does not this love still shew him so.

Ifm. This love, this halter: if he prove not yet
The cuuningst, rankest rogue that ever Cawred,
Ile never see man againe: I know him to bring,
And can interpret every new face he makes:
Looke how he wrings, like a good stoole, for a scare:
Take heed, Children and Fooles
First feele the smart, then weepe.

Lem. Away, away, such an unkind distract
Is worse than a disssembling, if it be one,
And sooner leades to mischiefe I believe it,
And him an honest man: he could not carry
Under an evill cause so true a sorrow.

Ifm. Take heed, this is your Mothers scorpion,
That carries stings even in his teares,
Whose soule is a ranke poyon through: touch
Not at him, if you do, you are gone, if you had twentie
Lives: I knew him for a rogish Boy, when
He would poyon Dogs, and keepe tame Toades,
Helay with his Mother, and infected her, and now
Shee begs i'th Hospital, with a patch of velvet,
Wher her nose stood: like the queene of Spades.
And all her teeth in her purse, the Devill and
This fellow are so neere, tis not yet knowne
Whiche is the eviller Angell.

Lem.

Cupid's Revenge.

Len. Nay, then I see tis spight : Come hither friend,
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd my mother
To my death, for I protest I feel none in my selfe?

Tim. Her wills, and ambition as I thinke
Are the provokers of it, as in women; and
Those two are ever powerfull to destruction;
Beside a hate of you still growing Vertues,
Shee being onely wicked.

Len. Heavens defend me as I am innocent,
And ever have beene from all immoderate thoughts
And actions, that carry such rewards along with them.

Tim. Sir, all I know, my duty must reveale,
My Country and my Love command me from me,
For whom I lay my life downe, this night comming.
A Counsell is appointed by the Duke, to sit about
To sit about your apprehension, to you to be knowne,
If you dare trift my Faith; which by all good things
Shall ever watch about you : goe along,
And to a place Ile guide you, where no word
Shall scape without your hearing; nor no plot
Without discovering to you; which once knowne,
You have your answers, and prevention.

Tim. You are not so mad to goe; Shift off this fellow,
you shall be rul'd once by a wise man : Ratsbane get you
gone, or —

Len. Peace, peace for shame, thy love is too suspicio[n],
tis a way offered to preserve my life, and I will
take it : bee my Guide *Timanus*, and doe not mind
this angry man, thou knowst him : I may live to re-
quite thee.

Tim. Sir, this service is done for vertues sake, not for
reward, however he may hold me.

Tim. The great pox on you : but thou hast that curse so
much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wis-
domes sake court not your death ; I am your friend and
subject, and I shall lose in both : if I lov'd you not, I would

laugh

Cupids Revenge.

laugh at you, and see you run your necke into the noose,
and cry a Woodcocke.

Leu. So much of man, and so much fearefull ; fie, pre-
thee have peace within thee : I shall live yet many a gol-
den day to hold thee here dearest and nearest to me : goe
on *Timantus*. I charge you by your love, no more, no
more.

Exeunt Leu. Tim.

Ism. Goe, and let your owne rod whip you ;
I pitty you. And dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't :
Ile study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious Winter,
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou dy'st and damn'st.

Exit.

Enter Leontius. and Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the Dutchesse comes not.

Tela. She has heard sir your will is to speake with her ;
But there is something leaden at her heart ,
(Pray God it be not mortall) that even keepes her
From conversation with her selfe.

Enter the Dutchesse.

Bac. O whither will you, my crosse affections pull me ?
Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us : you that are Angels
Guiding to vertue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evill ? wherefore suffered
A Temple of your owne, you Deities
Where your faire selves dwelt onely, and your goodnessse
Thus to be soyl'd with sinne ?

Leon. Heaven blesse us all.
From whence comes this distemper ? speak my faire one.

Bac. And have you none, love and obedience,
Your ever faithfull Servants, to employ
In this strange story of impiety ,
But me a Mother ? Must I be your strumpet ,
To lay blacke treason upon, and in him ,
In whom all sweetnesse was : in whom my love

H

Was

Cupids Revenge.

Was proud to have a being, in whom Justice,
And all the gods for our imaginations
Can worke into a man, were more than vertues:
Ambition downe to hell, where thou wert sofred,
Thou hast poysон'd the best soule, the purest, whitest,
And meereſt innocentſt it ſelfe that ever
Mans greedie hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is ſtill ſtranger: lay this treaſon
Open to my correction.

Bac. O what a combat dutie and affection
Breeds in my blood! *Leon.* If thou concealſt him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the Countrey,
Troubles of conſcience, and a wretched end
Bring thee unto a poore forgotten grave.

Bac. My being: for another tongue to tell it,
Ceafe, a Mother! ſome good man that dares
Speake for his King and Countrey: I am full
Of too much womans pity: yet O heaven,
Since it concernes the ſafety of my Sovereigne,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a Mothers name in question
Amcngſt unborne people, to give up that man
To Law and Iuſtice, that unrighteouſly
Has ſought his Fathers death: be deafe, be deafe ſir,
Your Son is the Offender: Now have you all,
Would I might never ſpeak againe.

Leon. My Son! Heaven helpe me.
No more: I thought it: and ſince
His life is growne ſo dangerous; let them that
Gave him, take him: hee ſhall dye,
And with him all my feares.

Bac. O uſe your Mercie: you have a brave ſubject
To beſtow it on. Ile forgiue him ſir: and for his
Wrong to me, ile be before ye.

Leon. Durſt his villany extend to thee?

Bac. Nothing but heates of youth ſir,

Leon.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Vpon my life he sought my Bed.

Bac. I must confess he lov'd me

Somewhat beyond a Son : and still pursi'd it
With such a Lust, I will not say *Ambition* :
That cleane forgetting all obedience,
And onely following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in Marriage.

Leon. O Villaine !

Bac. But I forget all : and am halfe ashamed
To presse a man so farre.

Enter Timantus.

Ti. Where is the duke? for gods sake bring me to him.

Leon. Here I am : each corner of the Dukedom
Sends new affrights forth : what wouldest thou? speake.

Tim. I cannot Sir, my feare tyes up my tongue.

Leon. Why, what's the matter? take thy courage
To thee, and boldly speake, where are the Guard?
In the gods name, out with it. *Ti.* Treason, treason.

Leon. In whom? *Bac.* Double the Guard.

Tim. There is a fellow Sir.

Leon. Leave shaking man.

Tim. Tis not for feare, but wonder. *Leon.* Well.

Tim. There is a fellow sir, close i'th Lobby.
You o'ch Guard, looke to the dore there.

Leon. But let me know the businesse.

Tim. O that the hearts of men should be so hardned
Against so good a Duke; for gods sake sir,
Seeke ~~meanes~~ to fave your selfe; this wretched slave
Has his word in his hand, I know his heart.
O it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

Leon. Where is hee?

Enter the Guard, and bring him in.

Tim. I'th Lobby sir, close in a corner:
Looke to your selves for heavens sake,
Me thinks he is here already.
Fellowes of the Guard be valiant.

Cupids Revenge.

Leon. Goe sirs, and apprehend him ; Treason shall never dare me in mine owne Gates. *Tim.* Tis done.

Here they bring the Prince in.

Bac. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my Age ?
They're happy that end their dayes contented
With a little, and live aloofe from dangers, to a King
Every content doth a new perill bring.
O let me live no longer, shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honour, Traytor, Murderer,
Devill in a humane shape, away with him,
He shall not breath his hot infection here.

Leu. Sir, heare mee.

Leon. Am I, or he your Duke ? away with him
To a close prison : your Highnesse now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leu. What ever Fortune comes, I bid it welcome,
My innocencie is my Armour : Gods preserve you.

Exit.

Bac. Fare thee well. I shall never see so brave a Gentleman : would I could weepe out his offences.

Tim. Or I could weepe out mine eyes.

Leon. Come Gentlemen weeble determine presently
About his death : we cannot be too forward in our
Safety : I am very sicke, leade me unto my bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Citiz. Sirrah, goe fetch my Fox from the Cutlers : ther's money for the scowring : tell him, I stop a Groat since the last great Muster hee had in stome Pitch for the bruise he tooke with the recyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Citiz. And do you heare ? when you come, take down
my Buckler, and sweepe the Cobwebs off, and grinde
the pick on't, and fetch a naile or two, and tacke on the
bracers : your Mistris made a potlid on't, I thanke her, at
her Mayds wedding, and burnt off the handle.

Boy

Cupids Revenge.

Boy. I will Sir.

Exit.

Citz. Who's within here, hoe Neighbour, not stirring yet?

2 Citz. O good morrow, good morrow: what newes, what newes?

1 Citz. It holds, he dyes this morning.

2 Citz. Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolv'd.

1 Citz. And so am I, and forty more good fellowes, that will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

2 Citz. S'foot man, who would not hang in such good company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children, tis such a jest that men shoule looke behind 'um to the world; and let their honours, their honours Neighbours slip.

1 Citz. Ile give thee a pint of Baffard and a Roll for that bare word.

2 Citz. They say that wee Taylors, are things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us; ile make some of 'um feele they are Geese o'th game then. *Jacke* take downe my Bill, tis ten to one I use it; take a good heart man, all the low Ward is ours with a wet-finger: And lay my cut-fingred gantlet ready for me; that that I used to worke in, when the Gentlemen were up against us, and beaten out of Towne, and almost out a debt too; for a plague on 'um, they never payd well since: and take heed firrah, your Mistris heares not of this busynesse, she's neere her time; yet if shee doe, I care not, she may long for Rebellion; for shee has a devillish spirit.

1 Citz. Come, let's call up the new Ironmonger, he's as tough as steele, and has a fine wit in these resurrections. Are you stirring Neighbour?

3 Within. O, good morrow Neighbours, ile come to you presently.

2 Go too, this is his Mothers doing: shee's a Polscat.

1 As any is in the world.

Cupids Revenge.

2 Then say I have hit it, and a vengeance on her, let her be what she will.

1 Amen say I, shee has brought things to a fine passe with her wisedome : doe you marke it ?

2 One thing I am sure she has, the good old *Duke* she gives him Pap againe they say, and dandles him, and hangs a corall and bels about his necke, and makes him believe his teeth will come agen ; which if they did, and I hee, I would worry her as never Curre was worried : I would Neighbour, till my teeth met I know where, but that's counsell.

Enter third Citizen.

3 Good morrow Neighbours : heare you the sad Newes ?

1 Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

3 I cannot tell, me thinks 'twere no great matter, if men were men : but —

2 You doe not twit me with my calling neighbour ?

3 No surely : for I know your spirit to be tall, pray be not vexed.

2 Pray forward with your counsell : I am what I am ; and they that prove me, shall find me to their cost : do you marke me Neighbour, to their cost I say.

1 Nay, looke how soone you are angry.

2 They shall Neighbours : yes, I say they shall.

3 I doe believe they shall.

1 I knew they shall.

2 Whether you doe or no, I care not twopence, I am no beast, I know mine owne strenght Neighbours ; God blesse the King, your companies is faire.

1 Nay Neighbour, now you erre, I must tell ye so, and ye were twenty Neighbours.

3 You had best goe peach, doe, peach.

2 Peach, I scorne the motion.

3 Doe, and see what followes : ile spend an hundred pound, an't be two I care not, but ile undoe thee.

2 Peach

Cupids Revenge.

2 Peach, O disgrace ! Peach in thy face, and doe
the worst thou canst . I am a true man , and a free-man :
Peach !

1 Nay, looke, you will spoyle all.

2 Peach !

1 Whilst you two brawle together , the Prince will
lose his life.

3 Come, give me your hand, I love you well, are you
for the action.

2 Yes, but peach provokes me, tis a cold fruit, I feele
it cold in my stomacke still.

3 No more, ile give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the fourth Citizen.

4 Shut up my shop, and bee ready at a call Boyes, and
one of you run over my old tucke with a few ashes, tis
growne odious with tosting cheese : and burne a little
Giniper in my Murrin , the Mayd made it her Chamber-
pot , an houre hence ile come againe ; and as you heare
from me, send me a cleane shirt.

3 The Chandler by the wharfe, and it be thy will.

2 Gossip, good morrow.

4 O good morrow gossip : good morrow all, I see ye
of one mind you cleave so close together : come tis time,
I have prepared a hundred if they stand.

1 Tis well done : shall we sever, and about it ?

3 First , let's to the Taverne , and a pinte a piece will
make us Dragons.

2 I will have no mercie, come what will of it.

4 If my tucke hold, ile spit the Guard like Larks with
sage betweene 'um.

2 I have a foolish bill to reckon with 'um, will make
some of their hearts ake , and ile lay it on : now shall
I fight, 'twill doe you good to see me.

3 Come, ile doe something for the Towne to talke of
when I am rotten : pray God there bee enough to kill ,
that's all.

Exeunt.

Enter,

Cupids Revenge.

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Age. How blacke the day begins !

Dor. Can you blame it, and looke upon such a deed as shall be done this morning ?

Nis. Does the Prince suffer to day ?

Dor. Within this houre they say.

Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe : 'twill be a strange justice and a lamentable, gods keepe us from the too soone feellng of it.

Dor. I care not if my throat were next, for to live still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

Nis. Yet we must doe it, and thanke 'em too, that our lives may bee accepted.

Age. Faith Ile goe starve my selfe, or grow diseas'd to shame the hang-man ; for I am sure hee shall bee my Herald, and quarter mee.

Dor. I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at Armes.

Nis. Will you go see this sad sight my Lord Agenor ?

Agen. Ile make a mourner.

Dor. If I could doe him any good, I would goe ; The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit :

My prayers shall be as neere him as your eyes.

As you find him settled, remember my love

And service to his Grace. Ni. We will weepe for you Sir. Farewell. Exeunt Nisus and Agenor.

Dor. Farewell to all our happinesse, a long farewell.

Thou angry power, whether of heaven or hell,

That layst this sharpe correction on our Kingdome

For our offences, infinite and mighty !

O heare me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd

With pitty to draw backe thy vengeance

Too heavie for our weaknesse ; and accept

(Since it is your discretion, heavenly Wisedomes,

To have it so) this Sacrifice for all

That now is flying to your happinesse,

Onely for you most fit : let all our Sins suffer in him.

A booke

Cupids Revenge.

A shout within.

Gods, what's the matter? I hope tis joy.

How now my Lords? Enter Agenor and Nisus.

Nis. Ilc tell you with that little breath I have
More joy than you dare thinke; the Prince
Is safe from danger. *Dor.* How!

Age. Tis true, and thus it was; his houre was come
To lose his life, he ready for the stroke,
Nobly, and full of Saint-like patience
Went with his Guard: which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with teares
That bred desires, and whispers to each other
To do some worthy kindnesse for the Prince;
And ere they understood well how to doe,
Fury stept in, and taught them what to doe,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him
As a white innocent: then flew the rore
Through all the streets of *Save him, save him, save him:*
And as they cry'd, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madnesse shew them.
In short, they beat the Guard, and tooke him from us,
And now march with him like a royll Army.

Dor. Heaven, heaven I thanke thee;
What a slave was I to have my hand so farre from
This brave rescue, t'had been a thing to brag on
When I was old. Shall we run for a wager
To the next Temple, and give thankes?

Nis. As fast as wishes.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus; the people within stops.

Leu. Good friends goe home againe, there's not a
man shall goe with me.

Isrn. Will you not take revenge? Ilc call them on.

Leu. All that love mee, depart:
I thanke you, and will serve you for your loves:
But I will thanke you more to suffer me

Cupids Revenge.

To govern 'um once more, I doe beg ye,
For my sake to your houses.

All within. Gods preserve you.

Ism. And what house will you goe to?

Len. *Ismenus*, I will take the wariest courses that I can
thinke of to defend my selfe, but not offend.

Ism. You may kill your Mother, and never offend your
Father, an honest man.

Len. Thou know'ft I can scape now, that's all I looke
for: Ile leave thee.

Ism. *Timantus*, a pox take him, would I had him here,
I would kill him at his owne weapon single, sithes wee
have built enough on him: plague on'r, i'me out of all pa-
tience: discharge such an Army as this that would have
followed you without paying: O gods!

Len. To what end shall I keepe 'um? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o'th Traytors, for you are proclaimed
one. *Len.* Should I therefore make my selfe one?

Ism. This is one of your morall Phylosophy, is it?
Heaven blesse me from subtillties to undoe my selfe with:
But I know if reason her selfe were here,
She would not part with her owne safety.

Len. Well, pardon *Ismenus*, for I know
My courses are must just, nor will I staine 'um
With one bad action; for thy selfe thou know'ft,
That though I may command thee, I shall be
A ready servant to thee if thou needst: and so
Ile take my leave. *Ism.* Of whom? *Len.* Of thee.

Ism. Heart, you shal take no leave of me. *Len.* Shall I not?

Ism. No, by the gods shall you not: nay, if you have no
more wit but to goe absolutely alone, ile be in a little.

Len. Nay, prethee good *Ismenus* part with me.

Ism. I wonnot y'faith, never move it any more; for
by this good light I wonnot.

Len. This is an ill time to be thus unruly:
Ismenus, you must leave me.

Ism.

Cupids Revenge.

Is'm. Yes, if you can beat me away : else the gods refuse me if I wil leave you till I see more reason : you shant undo your selfe. *Len.* But why wilt not leave me ?

Is'm. Why ile tell you ? Because when you are gone, then —— life ; if I have not forgot my reason —— hell take mee : you put mee out of patience so : Oh ! marry when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pox confound her) she never comes in my head but she spoiles my memory too : there are a hundred reasons.

Len. But shew me one.

Is'm. Shew you, what a stir here is ; why I will shew you : doe you thinke; well, well, I know what I know, I pray come, come. Tis in vaine : but I am sure. Devils take 'um ; what doe I meddle with 'um ? You know your selfe. Soule, I thinke I am : is there any man i'th world? as if you knew not this already better than I. Pish, pish. Ile give no reason.

Len. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldest stay : I have not one friend in the Court but thou, On whom I may be bold to trust to send me Any intelligence : and if thou lov'st me Thou wilt doe this, thou needst not feare to stay, For there are new-come Proclamations out, Where all are pardoned but my selfe.

Is'm. Tis true, and in the same Proclamation your fine sister *Vrania*, whom you us'd so kindly, is proclaim'd heire apparant unto the Crowne.

Len. What though, thou mayst stay at home without danger.

Is'men. Danger, hang danger, what tell you mee of danger ?

Len. Why if thou wilt not do't, I thinkc thou dar'st not.

Is'm. I dare not : if you speake it in earnest, you are a Boy. *Len.* Well sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Is'men. Why so you shall, I will stay.

Cupids Revenge.

Len. Why God a mercie.

Ism. You know I love you but too well.

Len. Now take these few directions: farewell, send to me by the wariest wayes thou canst: I have a soule tells me we shall meet often. The gods protect thee.

Ism. Pox o'my selfe for an Asse, i'me crying now, God be with you, if I never see you againe: why then pray get you gone, for griefe and anger wonnot let mee know what I say, ile to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new heire apparant.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Vrania and her Woman.

Vran. What hast thou found him?

Wom. Madam, he is comming in.

Vran. Gods blesse my brother where soere he is: And I beseech you keepe me fro the bed Of any naughty Tyrant whom my Mother Would ha me have to wrong him. *Enter Ismenus.*

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?

Vra. Leave us a while. *My Lord Ismenus,* *Exit Wom.* I pray for the love of heaven and God, That you would tell me one thing, which I know You can dee weeke. *Ism.* Where's her faine Grace?

Vra. You know me weeke enough, but that you mock, I am she my sen.

Ism. God blesse him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st breeches thus soone, thou'l be as impudent as thy Mother. *Vra.* But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will. *Vra.* Yes faith tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Vra.

Cupids Revenge.

Vra. I pray you let mee know where the *Prince* my Brother is.

Ism. I'faith you shan be hang'd first, is your mother so foolish to thinke your good Grace can sift it out of me?

Vrania. If you have any mercie left i'you to a poore wench tell me.

Ism. Why, woaldst not thou have thy braines beat out for this, to follow thy Mothers steps so young?

Vra. But believe me, she knowes none of this.

Ism. Believe you: why, doe you thinke I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Vra. Why I will tell you, and if I speake false Let the devill ha me. Yonder's a bad man Come from a Tayrant to my Mother, and what name They ha for him, good feith I cannot tell.

Ism. An Ambassador.

Vra. That's it; but he would carry me away, And have me marry his Master: and ile daye Ere I will ha him.

Is. But what's this to knowing where the *Prince* is?

Vra. Yes, for you know all my Mother does: Agen, the *Prince* is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray, I know that too well: what then?

Vra. Why, I would goe to the good *Marquesse* my Brother, and put my selfe into his hands, that so He may preserve himselfe.

Ism. O that thou hadst no seed of thy Mother in thee, and couldst meane this now.

Vra. Why feth I doe, wou'd I might nere stir more if I doe not.

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous foole, ile be damn'd els: hang me if I doe not halfe believe thee.

Vran. By my troth you may.

Ism. By my troth I doe: I know i'me an Asse for't, But I cannot helpe it. *Vra.* And won you tell me then?

Cupids Revenge.

Ism. Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th world, for I thinke thou art as good a creature as ever was borne.

Vra. But aisle goe i'this Lad's reparrell :
But you man helpe mee to Silver.

Ism. Helpe thee ; why the pox take him that will not helpe thee to any thing i'th world, ile helpe thee to Money, and ile do't presently to, and yet soule, if you should play the scurvie Hartotry, little pocky baggage now and couzen me, what then ?

Vra. Why, an I do, would I might nere see day agen.

Ism. Nay by this light, I doe not thinke thou wilt.
Ile presently provide thee money and a letter. *Exit Ism.*

Vra. I, but ile nere deliver it.

When I have found my Brother, I will beg
To serve him ; but he shall nere know who I am ;
For he must hate me then for my bad Mother.
Ile say I am a Country Lad that want a service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me ;
I know I must not live long, but that taim'e
I ha to spend shall be in serving him.
And though my Mother seeke to take his life away,
In a day my Brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught. *Exit.*

Enter Basha and Timantus : Basha reading a Letter.

Bac. Run away, the devill be her guide.

Tim. Faith she's gone, there's a Letter, I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, shee's a hansom Lady, a plague upon my bashfulness, I had bob'd her long agoe else.

Bac. What a base Whore is this, that after all
My wayes for her advancement, should so poorely
Make vertue her undoer, and choose this time,
The King being deadly sicke, and I intending
A present marriage with some forraigne Prince,
To strengthen and secur my selfe. She writes here,

Like

Cupids Revenge.

Like a wise Gentlewoman, she will not stay :
And the example of her deare Brother, makes her
Feare her selfe to whom she meanes to flye.

Tim. Why, who can help it ?

Bac. Now Poverty and Lechery which is thy end, rot
thee, where ere thou goest with all thy goodnesse.

Timan. Belady theyle bruise her and shee were of
brasse ; I am sure theyle breake stony walles : I have had
experience of them both, and they have made me despe-
rate : but there's a Messenger Madam come from the
Prince with a Letter to *Ismenus*, who by him returnes
an answer.

Bac. This comes as pat as wishes : thou shalt present-
ly away *Timantus*. *Tim.* Whither Madam ?

Bac. To the Prince, and take the Messenger for guide.

Tim. What shall I doe there ? I have done too much
mischief to be believed againe ; or indeed, to scape with
my head on my backe if I be once knowne.

Bac. Thou art a weake shallow foole, get thee a dis-
guise, and withall, when thou com'st before him, have a
Letter fain'd to deliver him : and then, as thou hast ever
hope of goodnesse by me, or after me, strike home one
stroke that shall not need another : dar'st thou speake,
dar'st thou ? if thou fall'st off, goe be a rogue againe, and
lye and Pander to procure thy meat : dar'st thou speake
to mee ?

Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead : I have
no spirit Madam, ile bee drunke but ile doe it, that's all
my refuge.

Exit.

Bac. Away, no more, then ile raise an Army whilst the
King yet lives, if all the meanes and power I have can doe
it, I cannot tell. *Enter Ismenns, and three Lords.*

Ism. Are you inventing still ? weeke ease your studys.

Bac. Why how now fawcie Lords ?

Ism. Nay ile shake ye; yes devill, I will shake ye.

Bac. Doe not you know me Lords ?

Nis.

Cupids Revenge.

Nis. Yes deadly sin we know ye, would we did not.

Ism. Do you heare, Whore, a plague a God vpon thee,
the Duke is dead. *Bach.* Dead!

Ism. I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he
is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection,
like, like a disease, flungst vpon his head. Dost thou heare,
and twere not more respect to Woman-hood in generall
then thee, because I had a Mother, who, I will not say she
was good, she liv'd so neere thy time, I would have thee,
in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heaven
by this time, tyed to a post, and dryed i'th sunne, and after
carried about, and showne at Fayres for money, with a
long story of the devill thy father, that taught thee to bee
Whorish, envious, bloody. *Bac.* Ha, ha, ha:

Ism. You fleering harlot, Ile have a horse to leape thee,
and thy base issue shall carry Sampers. Come Lords,
bring her along, weeke to the Prince all, where her hell-
hood shall waite his censure; and if he spare the she Goat,
may he lye with thee againe: and beside, mayft thou lay
vpon him some nasty foule disease, that hate still follows;
and his end, a dry ditch. Leade you corrupted whore, or Ile
draw a goade shall make you skip: away to the Prince.

Bach. Ha, ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come too late to
finde him. *Cornets.* *Cupid from above.*

Enter Leucippus, Vrania: *Leucippus with
a blousy Handkercher.*

Len. Alas poore Boy, why dost thou follow me?
What canſt thou hope for? I am poore as thou art.

Vra. In good feth I ſhall be weeke and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you.

Len. Why doſt thou choose out me Boy to undo thee?
Alas, for pity take another Master,
That may be able to deserve thy love
In breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowſt not,
More then my misery: and therefore canſt not
Looke for rewards at my hands: would I were able

My

Cupids Revenge.

My pretty Knave, to doe thee any kindnesse ; truely
Good Boy, I would vpon my faith: thy harmeleſſe
Innocence woves me at heart : wilt thou goe
Save thy ſelſe ; why doeft thou weepe ?
Alas, I doe not chide thee.

Vrania. I cannot tell, if I goe from you ; Sir I ſhall
nere dawne day more : Pray if you can, I will be true to
you : Let mee waite on you : If I were a man, I would
fight for you : Sure you have ſome ill-willers, I would
ſlay um.

Leu. Such harmeleſſe ſoules are ever Prophets : well I
take thy wiſh, thou ſhalt bee with mee ſtill : But prethee
eate my good Boy : Thou wilt die my childe if thou fasts
one day more : This fourc dayes thou haſt tasted nothing,
Goe into the Cave and eate : Thou ſhalt finde ſomething
for thee, to bring thy blood agen, and thy faire colour.

Vra. I cannot eate, God thanke you.
But ile eate to morrow.

Leu. Thow't be dead by that time.

Vra. I ſhould be well then, for you will not loue me.

Leu. Indeed I will. This is the prettiest paſſion that
ere I felt yet: why doeft thou looke ſo earnestly vpon me?

Vra. You have faire eyes Master.

Leu. Sure the Boy dotes : why doeft thou ſigh my
childe ?

Vra. To thinke that ſuch a fine man ſhould live, and no
gay Lady loue him. *Leu.* Thou wilt loue me ?

Vra. Yes ſure till I die, and when I am in heaven ile
eene wiſh for you.

Leu. And ile come to thee Boy.
This is a Love I never yet heard tell of : come thou art
ſleepy childe ; goe in, and Ile ſit with thee : heaven what
portends this ?

Vra. You are ſad, but I am not ſleepy, would I could
doe ought to make you merry : ſhall I ſing,

Leu. If thou wilt good Boy.

K

Alas

Cupids Revenge.

Alas my boy, that thou shouldst comfort me, and art far worse then I.

Enter Timantus with a Letter disguised.

Vra. Law Master, ther's one; looke to your selfe.

Len. What art thou, that in this dismal place, Which nothing could find out but misery, Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never heere, Here is no foode, nor beds, nor any house Built by a better Architect then beasts; And ere you get a dwelling from one of them, You must fight for it: if you conquer him, He is your meate; if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the Prince) from that most Noble Lord *Is'menus* with a Let-

Vra. Alas I feare I shall be discovered now. (ter.

Lenippus. Now I feele my selfe The Poorest of all mortall things. Where is he that receives such courtesies But he has meanes to shew his gratefulnesse Some way or other? I have none at all: I know not how to speake so much as well Of thee, but to these trees.

Lenippus opening the Letter, the whilst Timantus runnes at him, and Urania stepps before.

Tim. His Letters speake him sir——

Vra. Gods keepe me but from knowing him till I dye: Aye me, sure I cannot live a day, ô thou foule Traytor: How doe you Master?

Len. How dost thou my childe? alas, looke on this, it may make thee repentant, to behold those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

Vra. Tis nothing sir, and you be well.

Tim. O pardon me, know you me now sir?

Len. How couldst thou find me out?

Tim. WEE intercepted a Letter from *Is'menus*, and the bearer directed me.

Len. Stand

Cupids Revenge.

Len. Stand up *Timantus* boldly,
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the State and me:
But & far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traytor death
Without a tryall: here the Country is not
To purge thee, or condemne thee; therefore
A nobler Tryall than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all, here I accuse thee
Before the face of heaven, to be a traytor
Both to the *Duke* my Father, and to me, and
The whole Land: speake, is it so, or no?

Tim. This is true sir, pardon me.

Len. Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast away
thy selfe, I must proceed to execution haistly if thou con-
fesse it: speake once againe, is't so or no?

Tim. I am not guilty Sir.

Fight here: the Prince gets his sword and gives it him.

Len. Gods and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

Tim. I will not use any violence against your Highnes.

Len. At thy perill then, for this must be thy tryall: and
from henceforth looke to thy selfe.

*Timantus drawes his sword, and rans at him when
hee turnes aside.*

Tim. I do beseech you sir let me not fight.

Len. Vp, up againe *Timantus*,

There is no way but this, believe me.

Now if —— Fye, si: *Timantus*, is there no
Vseage can recover thee from banenesse? wert thou
Longer to converse with men, I would have chid
Thee for this: be all thy faults forgiven.

Tim. O spare me si, I am not fit for death.

Len. I thinke thou art not; yet trull me, fitter than
for life: yet tell mee ere thy breath bee gone, know'st of
any other plots against me? *Tim.* Of none.

Cupids Revenge.

Leu. What course wouldst thou have taken when thou had'st kill'd mee.

Tim. I would have tane your *Page*, and married her.

Leu. What *Page*? *Tim.* Your boy there. — *Dyes.*

Vrania sounds.

Leu. Is he falne mad in death, what does he meane? Some good god helpe me at the worst : how dost thou? Let not thy misery vexe me, thou shalt have What thy poore heart can wish : I am a *Prince*, And I will keepe thee in the gayest cloathes, And the finest things that ever pretty boy Had given him. *Vra.* I know you well enough, Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir up thy selfe; look what a jewell here is; See how it glisters : what a pretty shew Will this make in thy little care? ha, speake, Eat but a bit, and take it.

Vra. Do you not know me?

Leu. I præthee mind thy health : why, that's well sayd my good boy, smile still.

Vra. I shall smile till death, an I see you, I am *Vrania* your Sister-in-Law. *Leu.* How!

Vra. I am *Vrania*.

Leu. Dulness did ceaze me, now I know thee well; Alas why cam'st thou hither?

Vran. Feth for love, I would not let you know till I was dying ; for you could not love mee, my Mother was so naught.

Leu. I will love thee, or any thing : what? wilt Thou leave me as foone as I know thee? Speake one word to me ; alas shée's past it, She will nere speake more.

What noyse is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.
Comes on me now. What worse than mad are you

That

Cupids Revenge.

That seeke out sorrowes? if you love delights
Be gone from hence.

Ism. Sir, for you wee come, as Souldiers to revenge
the wrongs you have suffered under this naughtie
Creature: what shall bee done with her? Say, I am
readie.

Len. Leave her to heaven, brave Couzen, they shall
tell her how she has sin'd against um, my hand shall never
be stain'd with such base blood; live wicked *Mother*, that
reverend title be your pardon, for I will use no extremity
against you, but leave you to heaven.

Bac. Hell take you all, or if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither:
And till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continued plague, and such a one
That knowes no friends, nor ending.

May all ages that shall succeed curse you as I doe:
And if it be possible, I aske it heaven,
That your base issues may be ever Monsters,
That must for shame of nature and succession
Be drown'd like dogs.

Would I had breath to poysen you.

Len. Would you had love within you, and such griefe
As might become a Mother: looke you there,
Know you that face? that was *Urania*:
These are the fruits of those unhappy Mothers,
That labour with such horrid births as you doe:
If you can weepe, there's cause; poore innocent,
Your wickednesse has kill'd her: ile weepe for you.

Ism. Monstrous woman,
Mars would weepe at this, and yet shee cannot.

Len. Here lyes your Minion too, slaine by my hand,
I will not say you are the cause: yet certaine
I know you were to blame, the *Gods* forgive you.

Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.

Cupids Revenge.

Leu. *Ismenus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad company. *Ism.* I come to make you somewhat fadder sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Ism. Your Fathers dead.

Leu. I thought so, heaven be with him: ô woman, woman, weepe now or never, thou hast made more sorowes than we have eyes to utter.

Bac. Now let heaven fall, I am at the wort of evils, a thing so miserably wretched, that every thing, the last of humane comforts hath left me: I will not bee so base and cold, to live and wayt the mercies of these men I hate: no, tis just I dye, since *Fortune* hath left me, my step dissent attends me: hand, strike thou home, I have soule enough to guide; and let all know, as I itood a Queene, the same ile fall, and one with me.

She stabs the Prince with a knife.

Leu. Oh. *Ism.* How doe you sir?

Leu. Neerer my health, than I thinke any here, my tongue begins to faulter: what is man? or who would be one, when he sees a poore weake woman can in an instant make him none. *Dor.* She is dead already.

Ism. Let her be damn'd already as she is: post all for Surgeons. *Leu.* Let not a man stir, for I am but dead: I have some few words which I would have you heare, And am afraid I shall want breath to speake 'um: First to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is Undoubtedly heire of *Lycia*, I doe beseech you all When I am dead to shew your duties to him.

Lords. Wee vow to do't. *Leu.* I thanke you. Next to you, Couzen *Ismenus*, that shall be the *Duke*, I pray you let the broken Image of *Cupid* Be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

Ism. It shall be so.

Leu. Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-Law may have a buriall according to — — — *Dyes.*

Ism. To what sir? *Dor.* There is a full point.

Ism. I

Cupids Revenge.

Isme. I will interpret for him ; she shall have buriall
according to her owne deserts, with dogs.

Dor. I would your Majestie would haste for setling of
the people.

Isme. I am ready.

Agenor. Goe and let the Trumpets sound
Some mournefull thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy *Prince* vnto the Court,
And of that vertuous Virgin to a grave :
But dragge her to a Ditch, where let her lye
Accurst,whilst one man has a memory.

Exeunt.

Cupids Speech.

The time now of my Revenge drawes neere ;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a *god*,
With all the cryes and prayers that have beene ;
And those that bee to come, tho they be infinite
In need and number.

FINIS.
